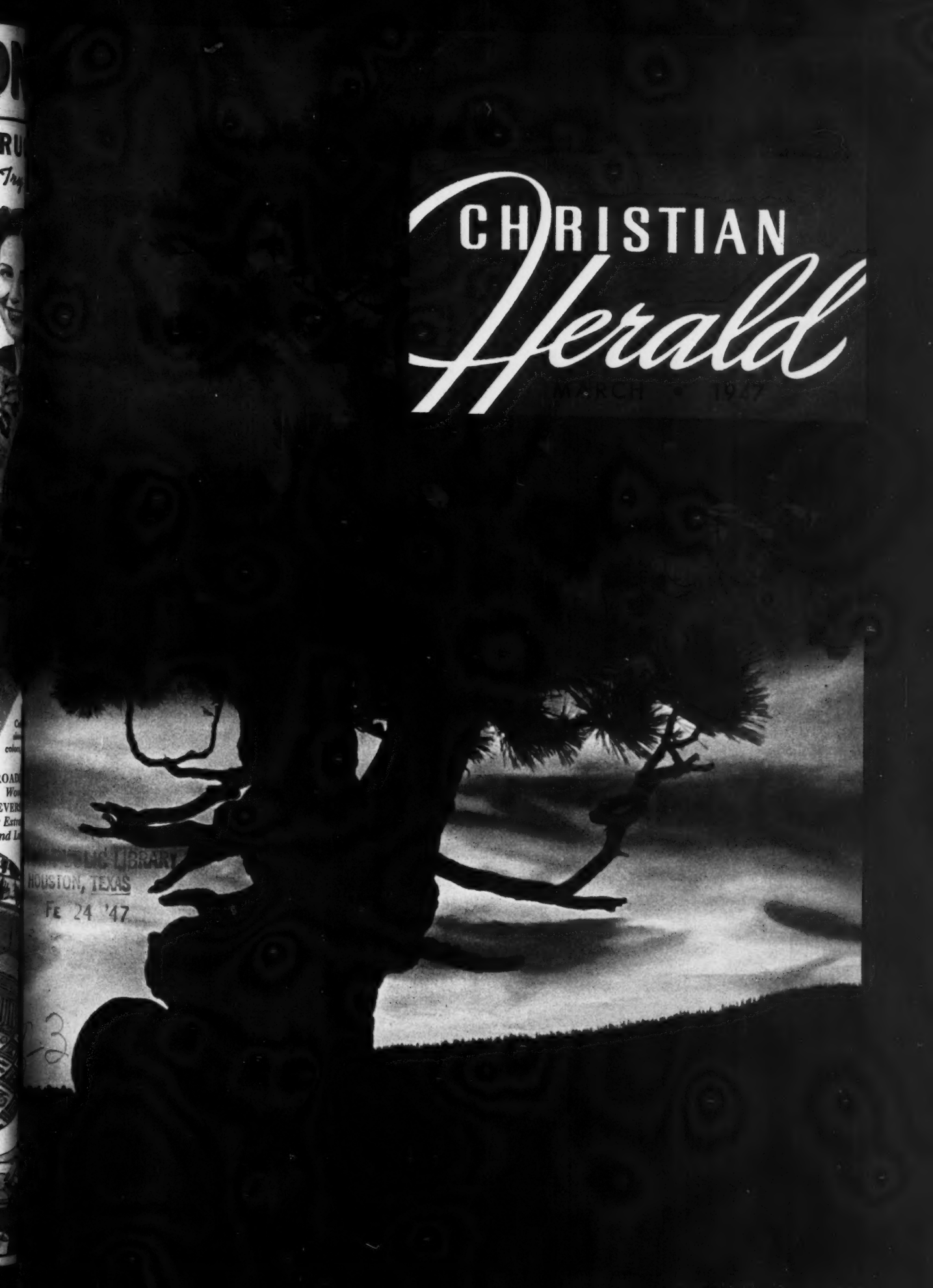


CHRISTIAN *Herald*

MARCH • 1947

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FORD STEWART, Publisher; JOHN PRICE, Circ. Mgr.; PHELPS PRATT, Adv. Mgr.; C. A. JOHNSON, Western Adv. Mgr.

VOLUME 70 • NUMBER 3

PEOPLE and Things

WE'VE been getting quite a lot of mail, recently, complimenting us on the "Daily Meditations" department under Dr. Stidger. One good reader who read the story by Dr. S. on Admiral Byrd, in our last issue, tells us he had no idea that the Boston professor could write articles as well as he writes devotions.

That reader *must* be a newcomer in the CHRISTIAN HERALD family. Dr. Stidger wrote articles for us long, long before we asked him to do a regular stint in the devotions department. If you who save your old copies of the magazine will look back through them, you will find articles on Edwin Markham, Henry Ford, Dr. Oscar Johnson, William Allen White, Honoré Morrow, Cecil de Mille, Seth Parker, Lloyd Douglas—and a lot of others, too numerous to mention. Mostly, they are biographical articles. "Bill" knows a lot of people.

Sometimes we think he knows more famous people than any other single individual in America. Classroom theology bores him to death; he wanted action. We think it is this yen for action, this facility for making friends, that makes his devotions so good. They are written out of a vast storehouse of friendship and knowledge with the *little* man, as well as the great: he knows what makes hearts go.

Two other writers with a handsome homespun touch have been rating big mail in the office, of late: they are Arthur C. Hewitt (The Country Preacher) and Delbert Lean, who has been writing those inimitable little sketches about his friend Henry on page six. They are both the kind of men you like to sit down with and just talk. Dr. Lean is ex-dean of men at Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio. He is one of the few men among us who grow old gracefully. The students at Wooster idolized him. These little one-page sketches contain much material which he used in a series of chapel talks at the college. In his beautiful old age, he is setting them down for us and for a posterity that will be infinitely richer because he came along.

Dr. Hewitt is a country preacher in the flesh—and he would not be a city preacher if he could! There's a story about him you've never heard. When CHRISTIAN HERALD put on that hunt for a typical country preacher some years ago, and ran the story under the title "Forty Years A Country Preacher," the preacher selected after a nation-wide search was the lovable Dr. George Gilbert. Dr. Gilbert was one of two men to whom the search narrowed down; Dr. Hewitt was the other. When the representatives of CHRISTIAN HERALD drove up to Vermont to talk with Dr. Hewitt, he was off somewhere, absent from home, on his Master's business. Had he been home that day . . . ? He is uncultured a man as we have met in some time. Have you noticed his love of Latin? It bursts out every once in a while, when he is talking about the most homespun un-Latin people and things.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Question:

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Answer:

Allied Youth, 1709 M Street N. W., Washington, D. C., is the best source for literature and information in this field. Allied Youth is an outstanding, growing organization worthy of your support. It is conducted by and for youth. According to the Gideon Bible Society, 62 percent of all young people from 16 to 24 drank liquor in 1945. There are 412,000 taverns and over 700,000 liquor stores operating today.

Question:

Are there any radio stations that are not flooded with "commercials" and really give time to cultural things? Surely there is room and need for such.

Answer:

New York has such a station—WNYC. Boston has a station—WBMS, which is open from 7:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. E.S.T., 1090 on the dial. Eighty-two percent of the time is given to opera, choral and orchestral music, and the remaining eighteen percent goes to news and special events. The installation of the service of the station opened with prayer by a Protestant minister, followed by talks by a Jewish rabbi and a Catholic clergyman.

Question:

I ask you with the deepest and most sincere purpose, is there a God? What is He like? How can I know Him?

Answer:

While the existence of God cannot be proved as of a laboratory demonstration, God as an experience within the soul is for me more real than the chair in which I sit! God is infinite as I am finite. He is the ultimate and the whole as I am the fragment and the part. Faith in Him has been the common experience of the great and the humble, the simple-minded and the exceedingly wise.

Just this week I read a confession of faith by Francis Hess, the distinguished Professor of Physics at Fordham University. Here is one of his sentences: "In all my years of research in physics and geophysics, I have never found one in-

stance when scientific discovery was in conflict with religious faith." This scientist, as do many others, believes in miracles. Here is another sentence from his confession: "I cannot see any reason at all why Almighty God should not suspend or change—if He finds it wise to do so—the natural course of events."

I learned to know God through reading the Holy Scriptures, through my associations with unselfish men and women, through prayer and in many other ways, but chiefly and always I know Him through Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ reveals God as no other reveals Him. Through Jesus Christ as through no other contact and from no other source, we know God. He is God. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Question:

Please give me the church affiliation of James F. Byrnes and former Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels.

Answer:

Ex-Secretary of State Byrnes belongs to the Episcopal Church. Josephus Daniels has been a life-long member of the Methodist Church and is an active Methodist layman. Ex-Secretary of State Byrnes was reared in the Roman Catholic faith.

Question:

Our pastor is a cigarette smoker. He even smokes about the church. Should he not set a better example?

Answer:

It is with difficulty that I use language of restraint in answering this question. I feel exactly as the one asking the question feels. God pity that parson—and his congregation and everybody!

Question:

I have tragic trouble in trying to pray audibly. Once I promised God that I would overcome my weakness before our little girl was two, or He could take her from us. I know now it was a wrong promise. I have asked forgiveness. Will He forgive me even though it is still difficult for me to pray audibly?

Answer:

Certainly your promise was a mistaken

one, though you were sincere in making it. God never asks that! Certainly too. He forgave you the instant you asked for forgiveness. Dismiss the whole thing. Forget it even as God has forgiven it.

As to prayer at the table, a silent grace would be just as effective. Quakers are heard in their silence just as the rest of us may be heard when we pray audibly—if our spirit is right. Also you will soon be praying audibly!

Question:

Give me a good definition for the word "sermon." Those I hear include history, social relations, and just about everything but the Bible. Some are without even a good thought of any kind.

Answer:

"Sermon" is defined as "A religious discourse based on a text of the Bible; hence, any serious discourse; an exhortation." Under this broad and general definition certainly history, social relations and all the rest would be included. The pulpit sermon may be, and worthily so, either expository or topical or a composite of both. Of course there are great sermons, good sermons, poor sermons and sermons that should never have been preached.

Question:

I do not believe in divorce but I am in love with a man three times divorced who is a very devoted religious worker. He is highly commended by another minister and he has fully explained the reasons for these divorces.

Answer:

You should be very careful. Aside from any and all scriptural implications, I am inclined to think there are legal grounds that need to be investigated. I would very carefully consider marrying any man, be he a preacher or layman, who has a record of three divorces behind him! And that puts it mildly.

Question:

I am under the impression that there have been "dry" gains throughout the United States, but I do not have the figures. What are the facts?

Answer:

Here are some of the facts and figures:

Net gain in Dry Units,	1941.....104
	1942.....119
	1943.....116
Net loss in Dry Units,	1944.....-10
Increase in Dry population,	1944.....229,600
Total Dry population,	1941.....23,067,974
	1944.....25,436,867

Ninety counties out of 120 in Kentucky are now dry.

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Marion couldn't see the keys over which her fingers moved so lightly.



Those HIDDEN TALENTS

By CARLOS GREENLEAF FULLER

MARION couldn't see the keys over which her fingers moved so lightly, as she played for me several of her own compositions. Yet, in her world of darkness, she was happy that she could create something of light.

"How many melodies have you composed, Marion?"

"About a dozen." Her clear sweet voice belied the veil of darkness that hung between us.

"I like them, Marion." I meant it.

"Some of our friends like them, too," interrupted Marion's mother eagerly. She looked at me with the weak vision that remained the sole guide for Marion, and the blind father, Roy.

"How does she do it, Mrs. Kinner?" I asked.

"It seems to be a gift. There has been no way for her to learn it," replied the mother. "She says a little prayer as she sits down at the piano. She believes that helps, too."

"Would you like me to find someone to write down one of your compositions, Marion?"

"Oh, yes, I would love to have you do that." The quick joy of her reply wrenched my heart with sudden pain.

"Suppose I write some words for the music, so that you could sing it for us in church some Sunday morning?"

"I would be glad to try," she replied.

My first pastoral call in this home on

my new charge was an open door into a personal interest of years' standing. I had come to East Rochester that fall with the deliberate purpose of finding someone to work with me in the composition of music for verses I enjoyed writing. While here was a young girl's talent, eager for wider expression.

The following Sunday, as I told the men's class of my visit, one of the members spoke up to say, "There was a man in church this morning who could arrange her music for her." I telephoned Frank Milne as soon as I reached home, and told him the story.

"I know her father," said Frank. "I will call at her home some evening this week. If she has any music suitable, I will write it down for her and bring it to you."

The following week, Frank Milne came to the manse with one of Marion's compositions, and we began to work together, fitting some words to the music.

Some weeks later—early in February, 1941—Marion stood up in church on a Sunday morning, and in her sweet, girlish voice, sang her own composition, the words for which we had entitled, "Christ Lives!"

Frank Milne and I continued to work together all that winter. And the following spring. For Frank had numbers of compositions, without words, while I had words, but no music.

At the end of February, 1941, our first number together, "O Pure Child of Heaven," was sung at a morning service by one of Frank's friends. While at the Easter service in April, this friend sang our second number, "God's Dream for Man."

Then, in his free time from work at the car shop, Elder Richard Corner worked out an original number. Harris Ellenwood, blind worker in the piano factory, set a poem to music. A neighbor, Everet Matthews, the Methodist pastor, composed the music for a patriotic song, while his son, Robert, did the music for a hymn poem.

So the interest spread, until on Sunday May 18, 1941, we devoted an entire evening to our own compositions. There were ten numbers on the program. The blind man, Harris Ellenwood, sang his own composition, as did several others.

On Sunday evening, May 3, 1942, we had our second annual Original Music Festival, by local authors and composers. This time we had twenty numbers on the program, all different from the ten used the previous May. The interest grew and widened, until on May 9, 1943, our third Festival was held. Some of these folks had never attempted even the simplest of music composition. They did so only under gentle, but persistent persuasion. Yet all were happy at what they did, while they made others happy by their effort. Hidden talent lay in their hearts simply awaiting release.

Then came May 21, 1944—the fourth Festival. George Fleming, a Catholic boy up the street of high-school age, who plays the organ in his own church, had two numbers on our program. Elwyn Worden, another high-school boy, had a number of his own. While a Jewish lawyer from Rochester had a composition on the program, and his partner sang a solo. A shoe salesman played his own piano composition. Housewives wrote poems, composed music, and sang in the chorus. All found a happy hobby in common interest in music and verse. This fourth Festival attracted wider attention and we accepted an invitation to repeat part of our "original music" before an audience of a thousand at an outdoor service, Sunday evening, July 30, 1944, in the famous Highland Park Bowl in Rochester, New York. On May 20, 1945, we had our fifth Festival within four years—making over ninety original numbers used in that period, with strangers flocking in from miles around to hear our program, indicating the steadily widening appeal it has. Our sixth Festival was held in 1946 and it was the most popular of all.

Our simple experiment helps to implement the vision of a musical genius like Koussevitsky, who suggests a music festival at the Peace Conference to woo world peace. We have developed a medium of expression in which people of ordinary talent can share—in any hamlet, village, or city of America.

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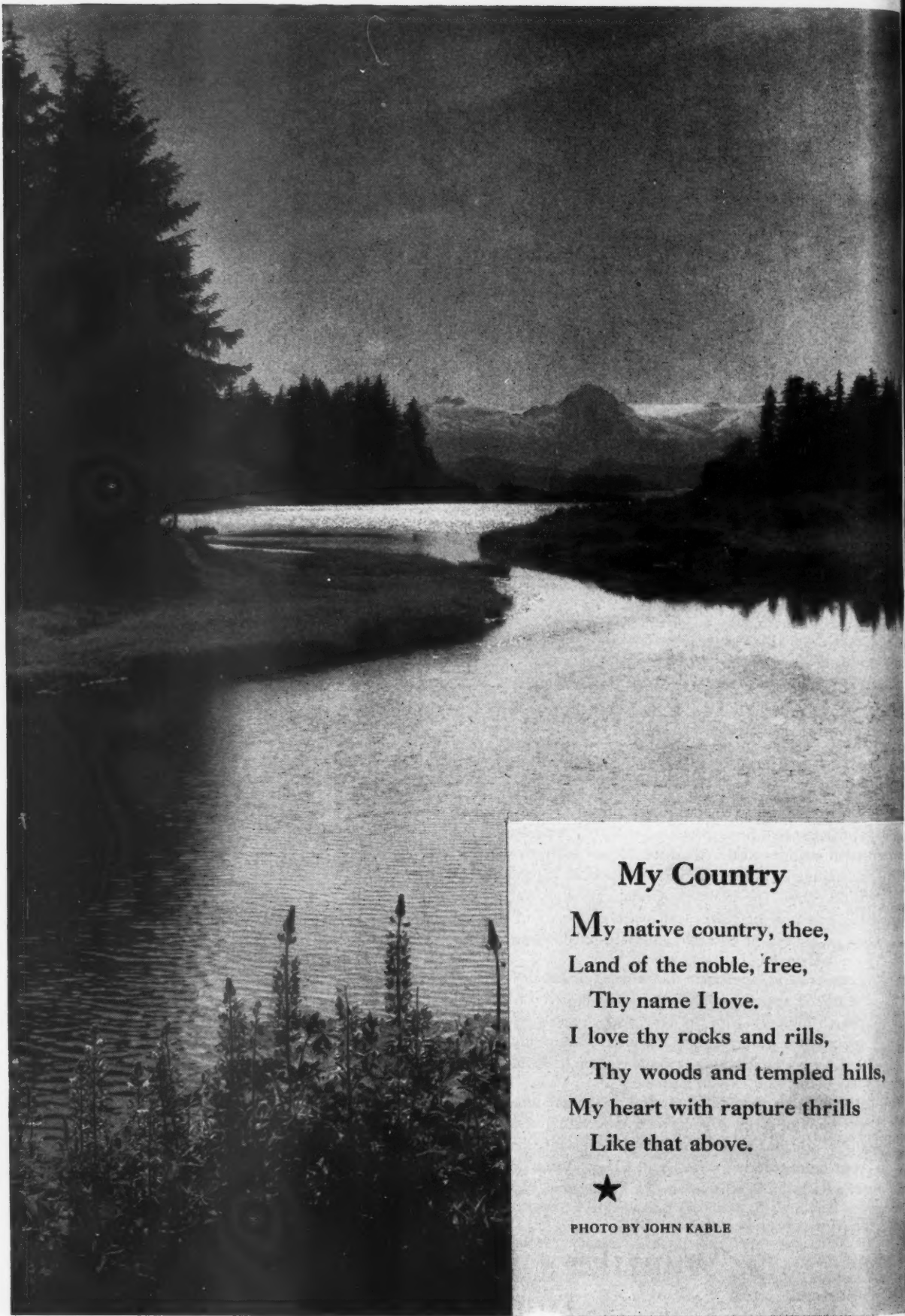
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Like that above.



PHOTO BY JOHN KABLE



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

GEORGIA: Maybe it will be all over and settled by the time these words get into print, but we doubt it: we believe chaos will still be marching through Georgia six months from now. Herman Talmadge is still playing Hitler, after an armed coup that must have Hitler grinning, wherever he may be. Talmadge is pure Fascist; even Hitler got himself elected chancellor. Gene's son just took control by brute force.

Don't judge Georgia by this Fascist's actions. There is a rising tide of resentment among the decent people down here at the red-suspenders tactics of the imitation fuhrer in the governor's office. And don't look for a quick solution, either. Talmadge says he "will abide by the decision of the courts"—just after he has said that in his estimation the courts have no jurisdiction over this matter whatever. What court is he speaking of? One of his own, or a free court? We doubt that he will get out even if the court decides against him.

This is one of the real political shames of the generation: here is a man with no claim whatever on the governorship, except that his daddy won a freak election, and that he himself had a freak accumulation of a few hundred write-in votes. But he has the Ku Klux Klan behind him, the arrogant bigotry of the backwoods. That's dangerous backing, even for a Talmadge.

More important to non-Georgians is the possibility of this same thing happening to them; it could happen in Pennsylvania or Montana! Several state legislatures are already moving in the direction of constitutional amendments, to prevent it happening in *their* state. They are wise. The real threat to this democracy lies not in Communism, but in the Talmadge brand of Fascism.

FORD: There have been a lot of jokes passed around about Henry Ford and



TROUBLE IN THE HOLY LAND. British soldiers patrol railway tracks in Palestine searching for land mines—a precaution being taken against sudden death.

his chariot, and Mr. Ford has capitalized on them. Mr. Ford is a very clever man, industrially speaking; so is his grandson, now at the helm in Dearborn. When Henry Ford II dropped the price of his cars, he did one of the smartest things any American industrialist ever did.

Perhaps there was some "enlightened self-interest" in the move; there is also a sharing of Ford's profits with the consumer. The consumer would have forced that, anyway; prices have a way of rising until the consumer refuses to buy; then they come down. Mr. Ford is bringing them down gradually, instead of watching them come crashing down in a panic. Thus, he moves toward stabilization and a firm economy.

But one thing remains now to complete the picture and to give us real economic security: labor must stop playing whole hog or none, stop driving up wages to a point where even the Fords

will have to put the price of their product up again—and there we go again!

UNITED: The Army and Navy have done it, at long last: the brass hats and the admirals have agreed on a plan of unification for our armed forces which many a layman believed impossible. The two arms will work together under a new Secretary of National Defense who will not be actually head of a department but a general manager of all departments.

This thing has been a long time coming, and it isn't all here, yet. Senator Lodge says it may take years to work out the details. There is as yet no organization; only a coordinated planning and direction. But it is still a great step

forward, inasmuch as it will get rid of the old frictions and jealousies between the departments—frictions which at times were fatal. There is not much of a saving in the plan, economically; national defense will still cost money, and plenty of it. But less and less money will be wasted on military projects needlessly overlapping.

Now if we can only get *our* armed forces unified with other national military forces in an international police force, we'll *really* have something.

PORTAL: Portal-to-portal pay has Washington standing on its legislative ear. If the unions get what they want in this latest move, bankruptcy will come to countless small employers and businesses, deficits will appear in the government, the wage-hour act will be scuttled and labor will find itself walking the streets looking for jobs that aren't there. This latest labor grab for money labor

didn't earn is one of the worst pieces of highway robbery since Samuel Gompers ruled the roost.

Mr. Lee Pressman, general counsel of the CIO, is fighting any legislation designed to kill portal-to-portal; he is one man against millions, and he can't win. His reasoning is as fascinating as the reasoning of a mental case trying to get out of an insane asylum. Mr. Pressman doesn't want the government to interfere, but he admits that as it stands now, the situation is certainly a "horrible mess." He suggests "collective bargaining between management and labor as a way out." It is no way out; that is a method that would play squarely into the hands of labor, and Mr. Pressman knows it. He does not want the government to step in, yet his CIO is making great use of the courts in trying to collect back pay! If they go on doing that, the courts will be settling everything connected with wages and hours—which is exactly what labor doesn't want.

Well, it will be a good fight, anyway. May the man who is right win!

MARSHALL: General Marshall, now Secretary of State Marshall, is mentioned elsewhere in these columns, but there is so much news in the man that another mention may not be amiss. The calling of a military man to the office is an unusual thing, in American politics. There was good solid reasoning in the mind of President Truman when he decided on his former Army Chief of Staff. For one thing, it was General Marshall who more than any other war leader first insisted upon a global strategy for a global war. He had his opponents in that concept, but those very opponents today are most lavish in their praise of the man; his reputation is best among those who know him best. He brought a keen mind to the General Staff; he thought fast and acted quickly.

He is just the man to supervise the change-over from global strategy in war to global strategy in peace. Nothing short of that will do; the old "America first" philosophy of the State Departments of earlier days is gone and gone for good. What we need now in this job is the set of capabilities which Marshall possesses to the full: patience, firmness, a strong sense of justice, a mind that will answer questions before the questions are half asked, the habit of intelligent, organized, disciplined action. The President has made the best appointment he ever made, with this one.

Mr. Byrnes passes. He has been a good Secretary. Not so good at the start in a job of which he knew nothing, he learned his lessons quickly, and developed into a capable diplomat. The country will be the loser if he is allowed to retire completely from public life. Well done, good and faithful servant!

COURIER'S CUES: Bilbo is through; best authorities say he will never go

back to the Senate chamber. . . . Watch for Sec. of State Marshall to crack down on Communist sympathizers in Dept., quick. . . . U. S. Army officers are working with British in England on something very, very secret. . . . Uranium deposits have just been disclosed in Russian controlled Haicheng, north of Port Arthur. . . . MacArthur is driving for more Japanese industries to get going. . . . Democrats are beginning to boost Truman for President in '48.

ABROAD

FRANCE: With the election of Vincent Auriol as first President of the Fourth French Republic, the French Socialist party climbs higher. The ascension really began when Leon Blum came home from Britain with the promise of a possible Anglo-French treaty instead of an increase in France's coal trade, which was what Blum really wanted. President Auriol has named a six-party cabinet with Paul Ramadier (Socialist) as Premier, Maurice Thorez (Communist) a Vice-Premier, and Francois Billoux (Communist) Minister of National Defense, and Georges Bidault (Popular Republican Movement) Minister of Foreign Affairs.

There are five Communists in this new Cabinet, and that gives cause for alarm to those political conservatives who fear the communization of all France. But the enemies of Communism, the leaders of the Popular Republican Movement, have put up certain fences which limit the power of the left-wingers. They consented to the appointment of a Communist Minister of National Defense (who will control the Army) only after the Premier consented to divide the powers of that office among three sep-

arate Ministers of War, Navy and Air—all three of which are non-Communists. We think France will not go Communist easily. Too many are watching.

The threat of internal political trouble does not seem as important as what can happen to France through the proposed Anglo-French treaty. This is the old power politics game, and a dangerous one. It comes, too, at a bad time—just at the time when the world is trying to throw overboard the old system of nations jockeying one against the other and to fuse them into one strong front in the United Nations. Russia has a good complaint coming, over this one!

It may not come off. But there is more chance of this alliance being welded than there is a Communist party dominating France.

CONTROL: There is more loose talk flying around over German industry and reparations than over any other question involved in the peace. A year ago, the British said Germany must never be permitted to produce more than nine million tons of steel per year; the Russians screamed to high heaven, claiming that such a potential in steel for the Germans would mean war in less than a decade. So the figure was dropped to 7.5 tons. Three months ago the Russians changed their tune: they spoke of 15 million tons as being a fair figure. It is strange that nobody reminded the Russians of their objections to the British 9-ton estimate!

Of course, the Russians are not too much worried over Germany's capacity to produce steel; they have carried out too much German steel-producing machinery to Russia to be very much worried, at least for the present. All this estimating is so much behind-the-scenes juggling, before the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers gets down to business in March.

It is safe to predict, we think, that the British and the Americans in the Conference will favor the revival of German industrial production in steel and in everything else that cannot be turned quickly to war use. What the Russians will want, nobody knows—yet. If the Russians stand for the destruction of German industry, they will destroy Europe. Much as we loathe what the Germans have done, we must admit that without a strong industrial, manufacturing Germany at the heart of Europe, there will be economic chaos. What the ministers at Moscow have got to do is to work out a scheme whereby they can control Germany without crushing her.

It's a big order, but, as one international expert told us the other day, has but one alternative: we can kill the Germans!

TACTIC: The relations of Argentina with the United States deteriorate rapidly.



IN WAR AND PEACE. The war over, the Red Cross still carries on—aiding veterans and occupation forces; keeping disaster relief and other activities at full strength.

CHURCH NEWS

ATHEISTS: A new kind of radio program called "Atheism versus Religion" took the air this month over WIP, Philadelphia. Two atheists, members of the Philadelphia Rationalist Group, argued

suppression of speech is no curative in religion. What's on the atheist's mind can be knocked into a cocked hat by a competent defender of the faith, just as the philosophy of Communism has been knocked in the same direction by competent defenders of democracy.

We are not pleading for an open door for atheism; we are saying that religion

idly; we are moving from one misunderstanding to another, largely through the efforts of men who put personal ideas and ambitions before the welfare of the two countries involved. These men are on both sides; they are too well known to be listed here.

Much of the fault is ours; the tactic of the State Department has been as bull-headed and stubborn as that of a high-school boy who, having made a doubtful statement, thinks he has to stick to it, whatever happens. We have broken our word, given in May of 1945, that we would undertake the negotiation of an inter-American defense treaty with our sister South American republics "in the very near future." Our excuse, or rather the State Department's excuse, for not calling or even encouraging such a conference or treaty is that Argentina has not carried out its promise to suppress Nazi activities in that country, and to expel the Nazis. Argentina replies that she is trying to do so. Maybe that's true and maybe it isn't, but it gets neither country anywhere to merely stand behind the fence and shout, "It's your fault!"

If we are to have an inter-American defense, we need to get together. Peace and cooperation with Argentina is a two-way affair; it must be brought about by joint action. If it is forced upon either nation any other way, it will never work, and the Communist in South America will go right on getting great grist for his mill out of "Yankee imperialism." Let's get together—quickly!

CHINA: Speaking of dilemmas, there is China—badly torn. Just what goes on over there, anyway?

What goes on is an impossible conflict between two irreconcilable forces. On the one hand are the Communists, who frankly tell the world that they are determined to have a Communist state in China; they will work toward it through an interim democracy modeled on the British or American types. The Communists do not hesitate at anything to gain their end; they completely distrust the present (Kuomintang) rulers of China, and they completely misrepresent the American interest in China.

On the other hand there is the government of Chiang Kai-shek. This is largely a reactionary government made up of die-hards who refuse to give an inch to the Communists; they say that force and force alone will settle things as they should be settled.

And right in the middle, between the two, is a group of liberals who can and must bring order to Cathay. They are a small group, unable as yet to muster the political control and popular support they need, but under the leadership of Chiang, they can do it. The generalissimo is the man to lead them—if and when he casts off the reactionary advisers and aides who plague him now. They will never do it!



Alley in The Memphis Commercial-Appeal

TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

the question, "Is Religion on the Skids?" with Rabbi Fineshreiber and Dr. Poling. It was a good fight. Before the fight began, the station was deluged with protests from indignant churchgoers, who demanded that the program be cancelled.

Somehow, we're glad it wasn't cancelled. While we hate to see the atheists go to work on an unprepared and war-weary youth via the radio, we see a great deal to be gained in thrashing this thing out in the open. Religion is no cripple, at the mercy of the atheists; it has a case proved over the course of endless years. Neither is religion a coward that dares not meet its opponents on their own ground. Any minister who is afraid to meet an atheist on the air is not worthy of his high calling.

Nor will it do any good, accomplish anything whatsoever for the faith, to simply say, "Don't let the atheists talk!" You get nowhere trying to stop a man from saying what's on his mind; the

is in good condition, and able to take care of itself.

INFLUENCE: We suggest as required reading for those who are forever asking, "But what has religion done?" the recent speech of Dr. O. Frederick Nolde, dean of the graduate school of Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Pa. Dr. Nolde claims, in this speech, that the Christian Church is largely responsible for the United Nations adopting as a major aim fundamental freedom for all.

And Dr. Nolde is right. The influence of Christianity upon world society is a subtle undercurrent, flowing quietly. It's a hard thing to put your finger on, but it is there. Whatever freedom there is in this world has developed against a background of religious insistence; when the Church insisted that no shackles be put upon the soul of man, it followed as the night the day that granted that religious freedom, man would tolerate no

shackles, no fetters on his soul.

The atheists and the "free thinkers" (more free than thinking, often) speak out of an abysmal ignorance when they claim that religion and the Church have done nothing. Their very freedom to speak thus came as the fruit of a long fight against oppression on the part of the Church. Schools, hospitals, the abolition of slavery, the position of woman, the protection of the child—all of them are movements church-inspired. While it is true that the Church is colored and affected by the society in which it lives, it is also true that society is colored and affected by the presence of the Church.

Had there been no churches in this world, there would have been no United Nations!

SPREAD: Speaking on the spread of Christianity at the recent meeting of the Home Missions Council of North America, Methodist Ralph Diffendorfer struck out at the unfair and uncharitable treatment of minority groups on the part of Christians; he held it to be a major deterrent to the spreading of the faith. And it is. Said Dr. Diffendorfer: "Treat the Mexican fairly, and Christianity will be proclaimed in Latin America. Clear our American Indian record and East Indians will take notice of democracy and Christianity." Amen!

He also struck out at the \$650,000,000 church-building boom in the United States, claiming that this boom will not "cause a bit of comment in the non-Christian world of Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, or elsewhere . . . Nor will new church buildings, settlement houses, educational institutions or hospitals among minority groups . . . be commented on by the billion non-white people of Asia as a favorable witness for Christianity." We disagree. What would Dr. Diffendorfer do—have us stop building hospitals for those Negroes in the South who have, in some areas, poorer medical attention than the Chinese have in the interior of China? Would he outlaw badly needed settlement houses in Chicago because they need settlement houses in Calcutta? Would he expect larger missionary collections from a people worshipping in an ill-ventilated, half-dark barn of a church, or from another people worshipping in a church of which they are not ashamed?

We have made little progress among Italian groups in this country, with our Protestantism; they came out of a cathedral background, and they see no need for worshipping in a shack. They want beauty in their worship—and who doesn't? We will never get a growing church or an enlarging missionary church by going back to the miserable church architecture of yesterday: the very people begging for better churches in this country are those who are most active in supporting the foreign missions program for which Dr. Diffendorfer speaks.

MARSHALL: The *Christian Century* and the Fellowship of Reconciliation score the appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of State. They reflect not upon the general's character, but on the fact that he is a soldier, a man with a military mind, and therefore quite unfit as (civilian) Secretary of State.

Maybe so—but we doubt it. The new Secretary of State has one of the finest, quickest minds in America, civilian or military. He is a man who will not be bluffed; he is a man who will talk straight to those diplomats who put their trust in delaying tactics, in keeping the world in a furore. Exactly that kind of man is needed, now.

The military mind has its vices as well as its virtues; instinctively, we do not like the brass hat in the high seats of government. But if a man has what it



HARRIS & EWING

NEW SENATE CHAPLAIN. Dr. Peter Marshall, pastor, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, was recently named U. S. Senate Chaplain.

takes for a job, it shouldn't make too much difference whether he wears a brass hat or a derby; it's what's under the hat that counts. The least we can do is to give the general a chance.

Marshall for President? We think not. He wouldn't have a chance.

YOUTH: The National Assembly of the Student Christian Association met at Urbana, Illinois, last month. The students affirmed their faith in God in one resolution; they clinched it with another, which means even more: "We affirm our belief that God has created men in His own likeness, with moral responsibility to God, to his fellow man and to himself. Man cannot fully meet his responsibility without mutually recognizing the equal rights of all races, nations, classes, creeds and sexes."

Now you're talking, youth! This is the sort of resolution the world needs; it seems to us to meet the prophet's definition of religion—it does justly, loves mercy and walks humbly. If we can only get enough youth to practice it . . . !

TEMPERANCE

BILL: We're suspicious of the reasonableness of many a dry bill thought up for Congressional action, but one just proposed by Representative F. Edward Herbert of Louisiana really makes sense. The Representative proposes a law which will apply to the District of Columbia, calling for a one to three percent tax on liquor sales, same to be used for the financing of relief and rehabilitation of alcoholics.

That's a good one. If I knock a man down in the street with my car, I am (through my insurance company) liable for injuries, provided it is my fault. The liquor industry in this country knocks down men by the thousand every year, and it is directly responsible for their injury. Why shouldn't the liquor men pay the bill?

Those who fall victim to alcohol are not criminals; they are men and women made sick by a drug which robs them of sense and coordination. The taxpayer doesn't do that to them; the booze industry does it. We have only one suggestion to add to this—one amendment to the proposed law. Why not put the dependents of alcoholics on relief, too—relief to be paid by the liquor industry? They're just as much victims of the trade as the alcoholic, aren't they?

FIRES: The recent hotel fires, the most recent of which was the one in Atlanta, have made fearful news. We are interested in a headline in the *Washington Evening Star* about the Atlanta disaster: "Atlanta Fire Officials Blame Start of Blaze on Drunken Smoker." It hasn't been officially decided yet that one drunk with a cigarette was responsible for the loss of 120 lives, so perhaps we shouldn't jump to conclusions. But we do know that Fire Marshal Phillips of Atlanta is on the record as saying, "Liquor bottles were strewn around." And we also know that the fire in the La Salle Hotel in Chicago began in the bar.

It is more than possible that the blazes in Atlanta, Dubuque, Detroit, Chicago and Boston originated in cocktail lounges, night clubs, or hotel bedrooms supplied with liquor. Who's responsible for that? The drinker, yes, but what about the hotel management that supplies the bedroom-drinker with his bottle?

A man has a perfect right to drink in a hotel, if he wants to. But some of the rest of us also have some rights in the same hotel—the right to sleep when we've paid for a room, undisturbed by a drunken party in the next room. And the right to have our very lives protected against some fool who gets drunk and falls asleep in bed with a cigarette in his hand.

Does a hotel have a moral right to protect the drinker, and ignore others?

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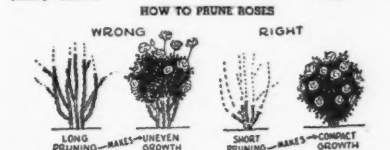
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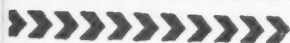
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CHRISTIAN *Herald*



MARCH, 1947

"I AM AN AMERICAN, SIR!"

YEARs ago, in Smithfield, an Ohio village made famous as the home of the five fighting McCooks of Civil War history, I addressed a patriotic service. Entertained in the home of the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Love, I was seated with the family at the breakfast table, when, in response to a knock at the front door, the pastor brought into the room a small boy who lived in the coal mine town—the tippie town—just under the hill. The miners were all foreigners and only the children who had enjoyed the advantages of our schools spoke our language. In those days the workers were "Hunkies" or "Dagoes," or what have you to the "better people," but this boy who was timid and half-afraid had come with a strange request—said he, "My father has a band and the band would like to play for your parade. They would like to play patriotic music and follow the flag. My father doesn't speak English but he sent me to ask whether you would grant his request and to say that he and his friends would be very proud, very grateful and very happy to march and play." The boy's voice trembled then as he concluded, "My father loves the flag too and he wants to be a good American. I am an American, sir, because I was born under the flag."

The minister was wise and he had an understanding heart. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "We shall be glad to have your father's band in the parade. They shall march right behind the flag, son. Tell him to be here at ten o'clock and to have all his patriotic numbers." At that the boy's face broke into a smile and he replied, "Already they are waiting behind the hill, for they believed you would let them come!" And so it was, that the men from the mine, men of alien tongues and underprivileged surroundings, but men who had found a new hope under Old Glory and whose sons and daughters were already the children of our heritage, followed the flag that day. With the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," they led us to the



village burial ground where we remembered our dead and pledged ourselves anew to the unity for which our fathers died and to the fulfillment of the American dream.

America's supreme achievement continues to be the unity toward which the thirteen colonies moved, at times with hesitation, but with unfaltering purpose and to which each succeeding generation has made its contribution. To this unity let us dedicate ourselves afresh while we seek to strengthen its every tie of understanding and good will. Here is the genius of American liberty, the uniqueness of the freedom that flamed from the sword of Washington, that lived in the words of Jefferson, and that was given its fullest expression by the voice of Abraham Lincoln. In our time, it speaks for a new world of brotherhood and for an enduring peace that shall bring its blessings to all peoples. In our time, it has sanctified the death of our sons on distant battlefields and remote oceans where they have gone to keep the physical tragedies of war remote from their homes and loved ones. In our time, it has made and will yet make, privilege more than a mere word, equal opportunity the practice of both industry and government and the incentive for all races, faiths and colors to live their best for America.

Recently Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia said, "More than one-third of the people of this state are Negroes. If these Negroes are uneducated, unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity, then one-third of our people are uneducated unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity." He added, "No man can keep his foot on the neck of another man without staying with him." These are the words with which America faces a new day upon her home continent and enters a new era in world affairs. Just as we could not win this war in our divisions, so we should lose the peace if we entered it divided, if in our divisions, we faced its problems and engaged its tasks. Our sons have demonstrated that loyal each to the royal in himself, each may be loyal to his comrade and to his country. Their unity which strengthened every worthy individual loyalty—loyalty of faith and of family—also enriched and glorified their common cause. Here, we believe, is the significant quality of American freedom, that which has made it different from all others, that which sets it apart from every other form of government and makes its culture unique in the history of man.

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all nominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike



"Many soldiers believed in a sort of magical religion during the war. They prayed for protection from danger. They did not want physical harm to come to them. But now that danger is passed, that faith is gone."

But is it CHRISTIAN EDUCATION?

By

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald



HERE isn't much that is good that can be said of war, but there *is* this: World War II gave us a great chance to find out just what our American religious education was doing to our young men. The Army and Navy brought together a fine cross-section of American youth; they came out of every Protestant denomination and out of every conceivable background. That they did a noble job of it in battle goes without saying. But just what had our religious education done to *them*?

You hear all sorts of rumors about it. Some say we sent these young men into battle very badly equipped, spiritually, by their churches; they claim the churches failed them completely. Others say it was really not so bad, that on the whole our Protestant boys had a faith quite as adequate, in the crisis of death, as any other. I became convinced some time ago, that it was time for us to stop drawing our conclusion on rumor, and to find out, from the chaplains and the officers and the men themselves, just what was what. So I began to sound out these authorities, in service and out, all over America. And I found out some very, very interesting things.

I asked: "What information can you give me on the status of religious education among servicemen during the war? Were our men adequately prepared by our Sunday schools and churches? What are your impressions, conclusions, and recommendations?"

Like the steady beating of a tom-tom came the reply: "The men were poorly trained by the churches, possessing only the scantiest Bible knowledge, lacking the self-control to withstand the temptations common to the services."

I took the commonly accepted objectives of Christian education. Objective number one says: "Religious education should create a consciousness of God and establish a relation-

ship to Him." One man I queried said: "Not until the war did I have any idea of how little the average man or woman knew about God, Church and the Bible. Many Protestants could not spell the name of their denomination . . ." Another man made a rather mild understatement when he said: "It was not easy to keep servicemen alive to the spiritual."

The most incisive comment along this line came from a brilliant thinker who has made a special study of the general ethical and cultural level of the soldiers in the American Army, mainly in the European theater. He puts it like this: "Perhaps the whole thing can be gathered under a broader topic: we had pretty clearly made our decision between the material and the spiritual, and the spiritual didn't have a chance. What interested and moved us most was mechanical and physical, and this decision went far beyond any denominational deficiencies in a specific Christian educational

program." That is to say, America was pagan and materialistic, and that philosophy of life stamped itself indelibly upon our servicemen wherever they went!

The second objective of Christian education may be stated as follows: "An understanding and appreciation of the personality, life and teachings of Jesus and a conscious acceptance of Him and loyalty to His cause." Nominally, soldiers had made some profession of faith and had united with some Church. The average religious census of most military organizations would show: 33 percent Catholic, 3 percent Jewish, 62 percent Protestant, and only 2 percent having no Church connection at all. But those often registered as Protestant or Catholic did so without any understanding and appreciation of the life and teachings of Jesus. Loyalty to Christ's cause was not evidenced in more than one percent of servicemen. An army man remarked: "More careful investigation of these 'Protestants' doesn't prove too joyful... Indeed we find that the only reason many registered 'Protestants' is that they simply knew they weren't Catholic."

From a Naval Reserve officer came this: "Personally I feel that much of our lack of loyalty to the church, the church school and to God and to Jesus Christ is due largely to the lack of an adequate training program on the part of the larger Protestant denominations." A chaplain pointed out that he gave religious instruction to more than 600 men and baptized in his twenty-seven months in the service about 160. He added: "This would not have been necessary had those persons been properly 'indoctrinated' in Christianity before they entered the service."

If the American serviceman was lacking in a knowledge and appreciation of God and Jesus Christ, and loyalty to the Christian cause, he failed even more miserably in the third objective of Christian education—"The progressive development of a Christ-like character." This objective had been reached by only a very, very small group. One man observed: "I feel that the Church has failed to reach even its own members with the true challenge of the Gospel. So many soldiers with the best religious background possible were miserable failures as true representatives of Christ. Three officers, for instance, who were thrown into contact with me had been exposed to the teachings of the Church from the cradle, their people were outstanding leaders of the Church, yet these officers were poor examples of true Christians. They were fine men from a social point of view but not good Christians."

Still another person commented: "Many have the hazy moralistic notions of the average humanist, but few understand the distinctive teachings of the Christian faith." If more of the Christian teaching and more of Christ's power had been made known to our servicemen,

they would not have succumbed to the temptations around them. From another source came the statement: "My conclusion would be that the average Sunday school does not instill in our young people sufficient Biblical knowledge so that when they are thrown out on their own, they do not have knowledge and faith enough to live the Christian life. Nor do they have enough Biblical knowl-

diers, for the most part, were prejudiced against the British before they ever arrived in England. They were determined not to be friendly. Nor did "Army Talks" change very many of them. They would never think of the French and Belgians as their brothers, and the slightest criticism of them—the Americans—by the people of other lands called forth the most bitter comment.



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

ON LAND AND SEA. Wherever our boys went during the war, the church followed them. Above: During divine services on ship board, the church pennant flies above Old Glory. The church flag is the only emblem ever to wave above the national colors. Right: A Quonset hut was used to build this chapel in the Philippines; it is one of the most beautiful in the Pacific area.

edge to base their thinking or decisions on Biblical principles and teachings of right and wrong." Only one person felt that the moral principles learned in the church were effective; even he qualified his statement—"It was effective for many men, but not to a great extent, and overseas the collapse was close to complete for many men." He concluded by saying: "Our Christian education is incomplete."

Christian education aims also to give the individual "the ability and disposition to share in the building of a Christian social order." A study of the servicemen will show that they were most deficient in this regard. American sol-

I remember an editorial in a Belgian paper criticizing the American soldiers for their ungentlemanly attitude toward Belgian women. When that was brought to the attention of a certain group, the men said: "This merely reveals a lack of appreciation for those of us who have rescued them from the Germans." One man put it accurately: "If you care for a guess on where we are most deficient in American Christian education, I should suppose it is in the area of humility, for lack of which many (perhaps most) American soldiers were able to treat and regard the people of Europe not as people but as servants and sources of supply..."

American servicemen were little more efficient in "the ability and disposition to participate effectively in the life and work of the Church," the fifth aim of Christian education. More had the ability than had the disposition, but that is not saying much. Occasionally, a chaplain would find a rather eager response to his prayer meeting, or Sunday service, or Thursday evening meeting. One chap-

since my experience in the service, that the most important work of the Church is with children just before teen age with a Bible-centered program."

Some men felt that those who were faithful to the Church in civilian life were also faithful in the service: "The men who usually attended the services, were men who went to church back home." Others seemed to think that

Word of God, or a desire for Christian fellowship."

Protestants normally reported that Catholics supported their Church much better than did Protestants. The army sergeant to whom I've referred before, said: "The Catholics were much more faithful in their church attendance, and although I believe it was sometimes inspired by a dread of consequences, we must admit that every time a Catholic attended mass or any other service, he received some spiritual aid." Generally, it was felt that even if they were more faithful in church attendance, they were not finer Christians. They were just as ready to get drunk on Saturday night as were Protestant men, but perhaps more anxious to get out to the services on Sunday morning to seek forgiveness. Some men felt that on the whole Protestants lived a more wholesome Christian life than did Catholics.

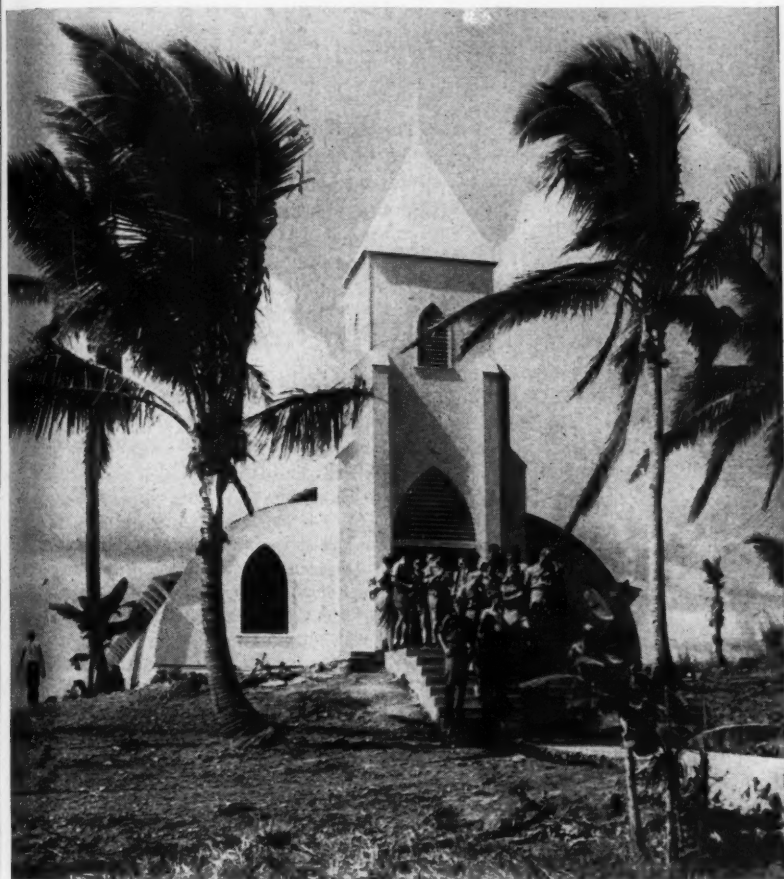
Said one: "I do not mean to insinuate that the men from our Evangelical churches were not as good Christians as others. They were better! But their instruction had been neglected or bungled!" Most of these observers felt there was no line of demarcation on morality. Servicemen generally, whether Catholic or Protestant, were living down on the same level with the Prodigal Son in the far country.

A large number of the men I queried said that servicemen were typical of the rank and file of civilians. "I found them to be representative of the rank and file of civilians back home," says one, "with a small group deeply interested and well versed in religious matters; another considerable group manifesting half-hearted interest, while the greater number were preoccupied either with work or pleasure and were very difficult to reach with any kind of constructive program." Thus, it is charged that our effort to create a desire and train people in the life and work of the Church has failed not only in the army but it has failed in civilian life as well.

Almost all servicemen, if interrogated, would say they believed in God, and were glad to be one with those in America who counted themselves Christian. Actually, however, whatever Christian interpretation of life, or Christian philosophy of life they possessed was not able to guide them through the stormy days of the war. One person remarked: "It was obvious to all of us that much of the Christian training which the men had received evaporated into thin air when they were taken out of the regular routine of living and away from the places and peoples with which this training had been associated."

So we perhaps need to ask ourselves: Have we been developing a hot-house type of Christianity that is good only when the conditions surrounding it are good? It was not that type of Christianity which moved the world in the

(Continued on page 86)



lain, commenting on a Thursday evening meeting he conducted, said: "The response was most gratifying. Attendance ranged from four or five up to twenty-five or thirty and most of the time we were studying the parables of Jesus." But that is not a very large number for a general hospital!

I am persuaded, and I am not alone in my opinion, that often the reports sent in by chaplains were padded rather extensively. In most instances, chaplains were discouraged almost to the point of tears by the lack of response to their services. One chaplain said: "I spent twenty-three months in the E.T.O. While there it never seemed that the men were very much interested in the Church or the Bible. As you probably know there were a lot of things which militated against a man being religious-minded. Those who were interested were those who had a good background at home before going into the army. It has seemed,

many who attended services during their civilian days dropped out during military life. "The fact that the Church and its preaching and teaching program has not been effective was demonstrated many times in my experience by men who had been fairly regular church attendants in civilian life, but in two or three years of military service had never been to chapel. It seemed to me that men could not stop suddenly the support of their spiritual life when for years it had been a regular part of their planning and thinking and practice."

One report was particularly discouraging: "While we were going overseas, we found only about 100 out of 3500 attending the worship services. About 10,000 men came through our field hospital. I found very few who were spiritual. As a supervisory chaplain, I found conditions very discouraging among our chaplains. This is their report: 'Very few soldiers have any real desire for the



How Good A PARENT are you

Below are twenty questions that may bother some parents. Check the one answer to each question that most nearly represents your attitude. Then turn to page 75 and check your score.

1. Do you discuss as a family all questions concerning home chores, discipline, honesty, unselfishness, industry, etc.?
A Sometimes.... B Always....
C Never....
2. Do you read good books, discuss them with the children, and encourage them to read good literature?
A Always.... B Irregularly....
C Never....
3. Do you tell the frank truth to children on vital moral questions such as sex, lying, smoking, drinking, etc.? Or do you sometimes compromise the truth, or avoid discussion?
A Tell truth.... B Compromise.... C Avoid discussion....
4. Do you make a special effort to teach good table manners, etiquette, and general dignified social behavior?
A Yes.... B No.... C Sometimes....
5. Do you give your children an adequate allowance, or make them work for their spending money, or both?
A Give allowance.... B Make them work.... C Both....
6. Do you discuss the meaning of the Bible and application of principles with them?
A Sometimes.... B Often....
C Never....
7. Do you have family devotions in your home?
A Regularly... B Sometimes...
C Never....
8. Do you go with them to church and/or Sunday school, or just send them?
A Go regularly.... B Go sometimes.... C Never go....
9. Do you criticize the church and the minister before your children?
A Regularly... B Sometimes...
C Never....
10. Do you sit down with your children and their friends of different faiths, and discuss what they have in common religiously?
A Yes.... B No....
C Rarely....
11. Do you help them with their homework, when they run into difficulties?
A Yes.... B No....
C Irregularly....
12. Do you cooperate with school authorities through parent-teacher groups, schoolboard, etc.?
A Sometimes.... B Never....
C Regularly....
13. Are you familiar with the courses they take in school, with text-books and teachers?
A Yes.... B No....
C Slightly....
14. Do you advise them in school activities?
A Yes.... B No....
C Rarely....
15. Do you encourage a sense of honor in their school work, or just let it drift?
A Let it drift.... B Encourage it... C Discuss it impartially...
16. Do you supervise your children's movie and radio fare?
A Always.... B Never....
C Sometimes....
17. Do you guide them in making friendships, or let them make their own friends?
A Always.... B Sometimes...
C Never....

18. Do you encourage them to join Boy or Girl Scouts, play groups, etc.?
A Sometimes.... B Always....
C Never....
19. Do you play games with them, sharing hobbies and recreations?
A Sometimes.... B Always....
C Never....
20. Do you make your home attractive for their playmates, and are you friendly with those playmates yourself?
A Always.... B Sometimes...
C Never....



TOTAL YOUR SCORE HERE

1.....	11.....
2.....	12.....
3.....	13.....
4.....	14.....
5.....	15.....
6.....	16.....
7.....	17.....
8.....	18.....
9.....	19.....
10.....	20.....

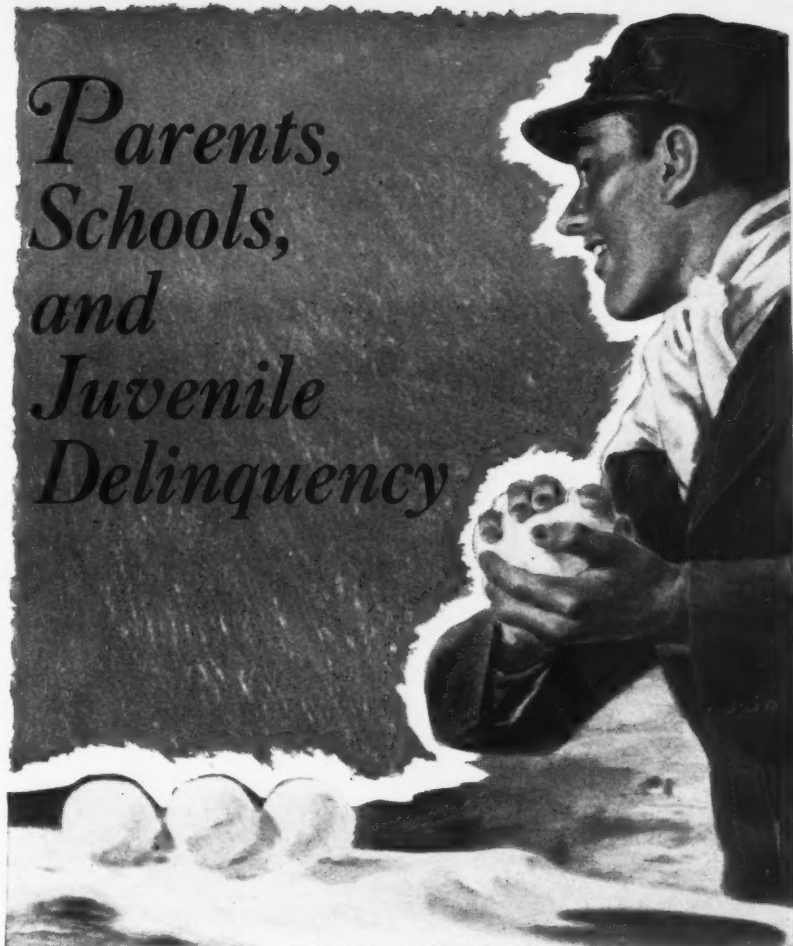
If you score 80 to 100, you are a good parent.

If you score 60 to 79, you are a fair parent.

If you score less than 60...??

By ANGELO
PATRI

Parents, Schools, and Juvenile Delinquency



ALL children are endowed by Nature with tremendous energy which is to be used to promote their healthy growth. This energy is to be used in action. It cannot be stored up for some future use but must be spent hour by hour in the child's growing time. There is an immediacy about this that means success or failure in the development of any child.

If this force is not expended at the time it reaches its fullness, it presses for release until the pressure becomes unendurable and the child must find a way for its escape. Undirected, unaided, he then must find his own way and usually it is not the best way.

If a child knew what were well for him to do, if he could know what was right and what would win approval, he would do it if he could for he longs to be approved. In his helpless ignorance he does not know what to do or where to go and he cannot be idle because this force to do and to become is getting too much for him. He has to do something and reckless purposeless activity has but one end—delinquency.

What troubles us then, what pricks the social conscience, is the feeling that this child might have been a social asset instead of a social deficit. Why wasn't he salvaged? Why wasn't he led in better ways? The ugly truth is that too few people cared what happened him.

We are talking loudly about the wise use of leisure, yet we have seen leisure

falling upon children for generations now and we haven't lifted a finger or spent a dollar to help them to a wise use of it. You think that is an exaggerated statement? Consider.

We have a problem of juvenile delinquency, national in its scope and its implications. People are worried. Conferences of the leaders are held and what comes of them? Loud shrieks of protest against the parents the teachers and the churches. If they did their duty this would not happen.

There is little sense and no help in screaming like that when many of the homes in question are three rooms, a father and mother and five children; when school means forty-five or more children, one teacher, a book, a pencil and sheet of yellow paper; when the playground is the street, befouled, dangerous, crowded indecently; when nobody took the child to church and the church couldn't go after him.

This problem lies squarely in the laps of the community. The only force that can be used adequately is the public school and it is inadequately equipped for such work. It is starved, meagre, limited almost to uselessness and yet come the shouts, "The schools are negligent."

Granted the schools should do this

work. Granted also, please, that they be equipped for it. We need about three teachers for every one we now have; we need about three classroom units for every one we now use; we need open-air playgrounds equipped with courts and staffed with trained teachers; we need gymnasiums, swimming pools, play equipment; we need a new attitude toward school.

The five-day, five-hour school is outmoded. We must have a year-round school, six days a week; open all day; enough trained teachers to staff it generously; educational leadership to use this tremendous force for the education and inspiration of the whole community, children first. Such schools must be centers of activity, places where children find healthy, useful tasks for the expenditure of the energy given them for use in their growth.

And please don't mention the cost as though it were out of reason. A people who can spend millions for cosmetics, millions more for entertainment, still more millions for drinks, and billions for war, can, and must spend millions for the preservation of its youth, for the upbuilding of a generation worthy of American ideals, American traditions. Well trained children do not go to jail, ever.

Angelo Patri is a well-known authority and counselor on children—their education, growth and guidance. He is the author of numerous books for and about children, articles in newspapers and magazines; his voice is heard frequently on the air waves. He is now approaching seventy, yet he remains active as ever—combating juvenile delinquency, helping solve the myriad problems of parents and children. He began his career as a teacher in the public schools of New York City.

By
**KENNETH
L. WILSON**

PERHAPS you have wondered how a newspaper keeps on putting out new editions when nothing much is happening in town. It could, in such a tight spot, do one of two things: (1) make a headline story out of such terrific material as Cat Meets Mouse; (2) persuade H. Park Tucker to move into the city.

For a long time now, newspapermen have regarded him as heaven's gift to the front page—and that quite reverently. Without Tucker, a good many feature stories would never have been written, never passed on to the Associated Press, *Time* Magazine, and dozens of other publications. In some cities, reporters cover the waterfront; in others they cover the police court. In Tucker's town, they cover Tucker.

What makes this attention from the press even more interesting is the fact that it comes about, not by marrying a pair of flagpole sitters from a hovering helicopter—although he could probably read the ceremony and operate the contraption's gadgets simultaneously, a missing arm notwithstanding—but by demonstrating, day after day, what happens to a fellow who simply takes God at His word. They go for Tucker, not because he is a character, but because he is a Christian.

Over at Chillicothe, Ohio, they hardly had the forms of the airplane story broken up when they again reached for the 72-point type. Tucker was taking on a new job. Somebody toyed with the idea of blaring, "Preacher Takes Wings to Alcatraz," because Tucker was pioneering again. This time, he had joined up with Uncle Sam to fill one of the newly created chaplaincies in Federal prisons. The Federal Correctional Institute at Ashland, Ky., was to be his first stop. Likely he would cover the whole circuit—Atlanta, Leavenworth, Alcatraz, and the rest of them—before he was finished. The project was a surprise opportunity, but it didn't toss Park Tucker into a mental deadlock. He had been well conditioned to what most other people would call the unusual. Very well conditioned.

Take his airplane, for example. When it was dedicated on the filling-station driveway beside Chillicothe's Tabernacle Baptist Church, Park Tucker, more than anyone else in the big crowd milling around the roped-off ship, thought the whole thing to be perfectly natural. The *Gazette* photographer, swarming up a light standard to get an unusual angle, thought, "Tucker's done it again; this is good for the front page"—and held his camera for a good shot. It was routine



The flying parson, Park Tucker, right, goes over weather conditions with Flight Instructor Dane Hunter, who taught the former miner to fly.

MINER *with Wings*

for Tucker. He needed a plane to begin a certain type of rural preaching work, and in due time, the plane had come along. Although this preacher has had some pretty intimate dealings with God, the plane didn't come in out of the blue on a wing and a prayer. He went like any other aviation enthusiast to the factory at Middletown, Ohio, got into his Aeronca Champion fresh off the assembly line, and flew it home. Along with his prayers, many hundreds of hard-earned dollars went into the proposition—his own dollars, those of a few friends, some from one of the churches to which he would minister on Sunday afternoons.

This airplane story really starts, not in Ohio, but in Pennsylvania; not at a factory or an airport, but in a coal mine. After Tucker, the boy, was thrown out of school at the age of fourteen, his father had told him tersely, "It's the mines for you." The father was a miner. Every other man in town—except those in the saloon business—was a miner. It was the thing to do when you couldn't make sense out of sitting long hours in a classroom, half-listening to a teacher

talk about men long since dead and buried.

So Park went into the mine. He was a flunky at first, but the day came when he received his mining papers. The event was to him what the receiving of an honorary degree from Harvard would be to others. "Miner 602." He worked hard to fill to the full his reputation and pay envelope.

It was hard work. You swung your pick while you lay on your side or your back, pausing only to brush the sweat out of your eyes with a smear that dug momentary gray channels into the coal-dust black of your face.

It was raw work. You saw men die. When you were off your shift and other men were down in the hole where all the shifts seemed alike except that your body was more tired during the night hours—you heard the shrill wail of the siren. One day you talked with the little Polish fellow in the winch room. The next day you heard how he had tried to pry over a cable that was winding unevenly, had been caught under the taut steel band, was flung in, enfolded by the quivering wire already under

such tension that this added resistance was nothing.

Miner 602 had seen too much, worked too hard, to be frightened by the offer made to him. He calculated his chances, stacked them up against the extra money that the new job would bring, and accepted. "Robbing pillars" was nothing to get excited about. You just went in after the coal left standing in columns to support the roof of the mine, blasted it out, shoveled it into cars, and then moved out before the world came crashing down. Death lurked in the blind alleys; but Death had a dollar bill in his hand.

It was an early October morning in 1932. With two other young men, Park Tucker had finished a twenty-five minute hike along a narrow lane not so much different from some other parallel black-paved roads at that hour of darkness,

climbing upward in a series of leaps that met each shovel. Watch that fateful car. Then hear the rumble of the earth shaking itself. More than hear it—feel it. Feel against your face the rush of air that flicks out the tongues of flame that had flickered from three miners' caps. Know in your suddenly frozen brain that it is an explosion. Realize in your coagulated veins, in your suddenly tons-heavy feet that broad, open acres of free air are thirty-five minutes away.

But watch that car. Feel for it with your hands. Get a firm hold on the top of it. Lay your left arm across the coal; dig in your fingers. Then fall back in frightened, whimpering terror as the piano-sized slab of soapstone that has fallen from the ceiling slides off the top of the car it has crushed, its part in destruction finished.

It was in this desolate loneliness, one

semaph. "God," Park prayed, hunting his way among words that were strange to him, "save my life, and I'll use my life for you."

It didn't look like much of a bargain for God. But God must have seen more than a broken body. He must have sensed that Miner 602, battered, hurt, was not making conversation just because he was desperately afraid. However it was, two men died, one man lived. Two men made their last trip up in the cage by basket; Park made his last trip by stretcher.

You can't properly appreciate that airplane until you know how a husky youth was whittled down to a frail invalid by weeks in a hospital bed. Only when the weeks had run together into a year did the doctors admit that, from here on, Park would have to carry the ball himself. You would have to hear



The "aerial circuit rider" and his Aeronca Champion that was fitted with auxiliary controls to enable the one-armed pastor to easily operate it.

except that this lane was a quarter mile down in the earth. In a few minutes the electric motor had pushed into their cavern an allotment of cars. Scant hours later, six of the cars were filled, and work on the seventh begun. All had been chalked "602" in big white letters, so that the weighmaster would credit Tucker and his crew for full tonnage.

The coal in car number seven was

of his helpers dead, the other dying, his own arm crushed, the bones in his legs breaking and breaking again as waste shale nudged higher, higher from the rock floor—it was here that Park Tucker made a promise he has never forgotten. There has been rugged going since; there have been experiences that tried their best to scare his promise out of him. But any Calvary is an anticlimax to a Geth-

how he stuck determinedly with his vow to somehow make it up to God. How he went back to the seventh grade at the age of twenty-three. How he worked during summer vacation at the city dump—and remember, he has only one arm now—to try to raise money to go to college. How he, providentially, he believes, received a check from Scotland and used it for his first year's expenses at Houghton College. How he lost both his father and mother, the Christian stal-

warts who had buoyed him time and again when he wondered what a one-armed fellow could do for God. How his car was wrecked and he and five other students making up the gospel team injured, one of them seriously, after doing the very kind of work that was supposed to be in God's pasture. You can ask bitter unanswerable questions at a time like that; Park chose to remember.

You would want to be told how the college graduate entered seminary, completed the course, and then waited—and waited—while senior after senior received calls from churches that needed pastors. Still Park remembered. Then Chillicothe asked him to come there. That was four years ago. The trim little Aeronca plane? Why, Tabernacle and Chillicothe were just naturally the place for it to happen.

It was almost a tradition at the church—with the added strength there was in having the maker of the tradition on the letterhead as "pastor emeritus." N. H. Long was the man, now the oldest Baptist minister in Ohio. Sixty-five years ago, to travel fifty or a hundred miles from home was a good-sized adventure. To travel for God as a circuit rider was a bigger than usual adventure. Mr. Long started out in his one-horsepower buggy on Saturday mornings, preached at New Vienna, forty-five miles distant, on Sunday mornings, headed for Good Hope, then made it home sometime Monday. Those were great days. Pastor Tucker heard the story often. Then he heard something else that took the pleasant edge off the story: both the Good Hope and New Vienna churches were now closed. Their doors had been locked for nearly ten years.

What must it do to a man, the young preacher wondered, to see your lifework crumbling to the earth from which you had raised it—tall weeds in the yard, broken windows, stained bricks making it look too much like an unshaven, despairing beggar?

The picture kept pushing itself into Tucker's mind. And then, strangely—you use that word sparingly in the company of this man—a funeral clinched a plan that would make it possible to restore the sounds of life to one of these tattered churches. The preacher was on his way home from the cemetery. Nearing Chillicothe's airport, he remembered the young man he had met at church the Sunday before. "My job? Flight instructor. Stop in to see me the next time you're out my way," Dane Hunter, former B-29 pilot had said. Well, the preacher would take just a few minutes. . . .

"One of the nicest little planes there is," Dane told him, when they had strolled out to the lineup, to stop by the teacher's Aeronca.

The preacher looked at the ship curiously. It would really be something to own a plane, he thought, and then he looked at his glove-covered left hand,

the artificial arm that filled a sleeve but was lifeless, could only be pushed or pulled as he moved his upper arm to which the appliance was strapped.

Dane squinted at the sky. "I ought to give her a warm-up run. Want to come along?"

You bet the preacher wanted to come along! The two of them climbed into the cabin seats—Tucker in the front, the pilot-instructor behind. A couple of ground men moved up to pull away the wheel chocks, prime the motor and spin the propeller. The motor roared, brakes were released, and the plane moved toward the runway's end, guided by the hands on the dual controls in the back seat. "Your belt fastened?" the pilot leaned forward to shout.

The preacher nodded, trying to keep his hand and his feet out of the way as the stick and rudder pedals moved slightly and the ship began a quick sprint across the field. Once in the air, it looked easy. All you had to do was keep your feet on the pedals, keep your hand on the stick. In fact, the instructor demonstrated, the plane would fly on an even keel no-hands!

Tucker felt a tap on his shoulder. "Want to try running her?" he heard. A little hesitantly he took hold of the



For ten years this New Vienna, O., church door was locked. Then Tucker dropped out of the sky to preach there.

controls. Move the stick forward, and the nose of the plane dipped. Pull it back, and the plane climbed. Move it to the right, and the right wing dropped. Move it to the left, and the plane righted itself.

That evening, as the preacher came into the parsonage, his wife commented, "Must have been a long funeral service." He nodded absently, then astounded her by saying, "Do you know what we ought to have? An airplane."

BUT BEFORE the *Evangel*—gleaming in a new coat of white paint, save for the belly of the plane which is left orange-

red as a visibility precaution—will be dedicated by the church, a good many other things must happen. There must be hours and hours of instruction. Pilot Hunter is making this his contribution to the exciting plan the preacher has confided in him. There must be anxious hours for Margaret Tucker, waiting at the parsonage with baby Lynelle, wondering if a one-armed man can really manage an airplane. There must be an outlay of two thousand dollars for a plane of his own when instructor and student are convinced that an artificial arm is no unsurmountable obstacle to flying an Aeronca.

Then there must be the first of many solo flights when a man is even more alone than in a coal mine. Finally there must be the test with you and a Federal inspector going up together. But this time, you both are wearing parachutes, and sometimes you wonder if the two of you will have to use them when he directs you into a right spin and the earth swings crazily below and beside you. But you remember what you have learned and pull out of the spin, nothing sacrificed except the beads of perspiration that have moistened your forehead. You pass the test—just the day before the dedication is scheduled to take place. You have your private pilot's license!

ON THAT SAME AFTERNOON, the *Evangel* began its circuit that was growing wider than Park Tucker had first imagined. From Chillicothe, there was a trip to Indianapolis for a Saturday night address to a Youth for Christ rally. On the way, there was a stop at the Middletown airport. The circuit really began there. First, airport loungers were startled to see a white Aeronca—all of them had been orange, until now. The insignia on the nose puzzled them next. Painted in red on the white background was a cross thrust downward through a crown.

Yes, the circuit began right there, as Park Tucker explained to men who did not know, what a cross and a crown meant. Park knew. He had found out in a coal mine.

After an early breakfast on Sunday morning in the Hoosier capital, the flying parson hurried back to Chillicothe for his morning service. Sunday school and church over, a wedding at high noon, a pause for dinner, and time to go out to Sky Park once more and take off for New Vienna. The forty-six mile trip is a matter of a half hour.

As the ship nears its destination, the preacher yells to his passenger, "See any smoke down below—to tell which way the wind is blowing?" It happens that the wind is very important to an airplane. A take-off is always made into the wind so that its resistance will help lift the wings—just as you used to run against the wind to get a kite into the air. A landing is made into the wind so that the plane will come to a quick stop. But—

(Continued on page 76)



PHOTO BY BUTTON

GOOD SAMARITAN, 1947

By James L.
Harte

LUKE'S Good Samaritan asked no questions of those he would help. Neither does Robert E. Ginnochio, a spry eager man 63 years young who has his office on the sidewalk at Seventh and Main in Little Rock, Arkansas and who even signs checks "The Man on the Street."

Twenty-five years ago, Robert Ginnochio was pronounced dead in a Little Rock hospital; three minutes later he was breathing again, and ever since then he has been trying to show his gratitude by helping people on the street—people as totally strange to him as the man on the Jericho Road was to the original Good Samaritan. Recuperating, he says, "There wasn't anything else I could do but take long walks along the streets of the city. There I became aware of people. I saw how they acted and I came to a sudden, rude awakening: people were churlish, impolite, thoughtless toward one another. Rarely did I see a person lending a helping hand to a fellow being in distress. I resolved to do something about it."

He did. He stopped people and asked if there was anything he could do for

GOOD CITIZENSHIP MEDAL IS GIVEN "THE MAN ON THE STREET."

them. Some of them thought he was crazy, but they got used to him. He got to minding babies while the mothers shopped—free. When war came, hundreds of GI's from nearby Camp Joseph T. Robinson began walking Little Rock's streets. For them, he wrote letters home, bought little gifts for the lonely ones, secured apartments for soldier-families, airplane accommodations for a sergeant on furlough, an alarm clock. . . .

When the boys went overseas, his friendliness followed them. He sent a soldier in Japan the complete box scores for the 1945 baseball World Series, a string of Christmas tree lights to a colonel in the Philippines, a watch to a corporal in Burma. He's still sending

gifts overseas, even though peace is here.

The Man on the Street never married. He speaks with a laugh of the only request he ever turned down: "I refused a widow who'd written and asked me to marry her. She had nine children!"

Recently, he appeared on a nationwide radio hookup, telling the story of his samaritanism after much prodding by the announcer. And recently the Veterans of Foreign Wars post at Little Rock decorated him with a medal especially struck in honor of his services to the men and women in the services, in World War II. Just before that ceremony, a man was heard to murmur, "What a character!"

What a *Christian* character!

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

ANGUS MURDOCK in our town was one of the wealthiest men I ever knew. And yet until recently he lived with his wife and two daughters in a small, remote white farmhouse which waited fifteen years for the white sink his wife wanted. I doubt if Angus ever had enough in the bank to write a check in five figures; but he had a dream . . .

Like Joseph of old, Angus had a dream where the sun, moon and stars bowed down to him because he had made a perfect thing; and there is no greater satisfaction than that, whether the beauty you fashion be a painting, a child, or maybe, like his, a perfect flower. Then suddenly, abruptly, success was snatched away from him and it looked like the end, but . . . I'd better just tell you Angus Murdock's story.



"The Pansy Man," my small son, Ricky, called him when we first moved to town, and for a long time I knew him only by that name. His two greenhouses grew the most magnificent pansies you ever saw. They stood on proud sturdy stems a foot high and the blooms, violet, creamy white, golden, and pure blue, were from two to three inches across! No one had ever seen anything like them and people came from miles around to

rejoice in them and to purchase them.

But I never could see how he made any money. Ricky loved to go to the greenhouse with me; he would flutter up and down the damp narrow paths, crying, "Oh, Mom, look at this one!" Invariably he came away from there clutching in his small moist palm a bouquet fully as large and beautiful as my own.

"Let me pay for both bunches," I would beg Angus Murdock, embarrassed.

But he would shake his head, smiling. He was tall, dark, and quiet-spoken but when you looked directly into his eyes you surprised a spark burning. "Let him have 'em," he'd say in his slow deep voice. "Children and flowers go together like bread and butter."

"He treats all the neighborhood kids the same way," his wife would assure me. "The ones that are careful. But just let anyone pull off a bloom, and he never steps foot in that greenhouse again."

They were more than flowers to him; they were his whole life. In the twenty-five years he had been developing them from the humble, low-lying pansies most of us know, he had never left his greenhouses alone one single day.

He came upon the thing he wanted to do when he was a young man, quite by accident. Even as a very young child he had hated being shut in by four walls

wife used to smile, remembering. Angus tried an office, a factory, and a department store . . . and he hated all of them."

Then one day he went to visit a relative who was a gardener on a big estate and among other things he had a greenhouse full of pansies. When Angus stepped inside that damp sweet atmosphere where the sunlight was flooding in, golden and free, so a man could be his own boss, right off Angus knew this was where he wanted to be. The shining glass seemed to open free and wide to the sky . . . and he dreamed his wonderful dream. We can only guess what he thought, but it must have been something like this, to last him a quarter of a century.

"These are humble things, like me," Angus thought, looking around at the low-lying velvety blooms. "*But they don't have to stay that way!* I can make them tall and strong with stems so sturdy they'll last for weeks in water. I bet I could make blooms two inches across! Three maybe. And color . . . I can paint like an artist, only with life itself! Take that clear deep blue, now; if I can make a bloom the color of spring violets with the velvet sheen of the pansy, it'll be beautiful as a prayer. *And I can, I know I can!*"

But all he said aloud to his relative

A DREAM That Grew Roots

from the sky and being told by someone else what he had to do. He had very little formal education because there were few schools in the part of Saskatchewan where he was born, and when his family moved to Connecticut, he finished only grammar school. But there was an urge to create in him; he wanted desperately to do something that was especially his job, but he couldn't find out just what.

"When I first knew him, he had a new job about every two months," his

was, "Will you give me a job? Now?"

It is a wealth given to few people to recognize what they can do best and to achieve that end, but Angus never had a doubt from that moment. He learned his trade, how to pollinate, how to wash the plants carefully to thwart the infinitesimal red spider that can suck the life from sturdy stems in a few unwary days and weave its tissue shroud of death. But something inside Angus knew things about pansies that were not in any book nor in any other man's experience. Like

During the years that followed, Angus hung over his flowers, patiently improving them season by season, while his wife took care of their two little girls.

Illustrator KARL GODWIN



he said of the children, he and his pansies sort of went together like bread and butter.

But dreams cost plenty in sweat and cash and tears, and to make the sort of flowers he knew he could develop, Angus needed time and a greenhouse of his own. He was happily married by now and had saved a little, but this would mean putting all their cash into buying a place of their own and mortgaging the future for years to come. He'd have to consult his wife.

"It would take years, but if I had a place of my own, I could raise the finest pansies in New England, in the whole country, maybe!" he told her eagerly. "I know it wouldn't be very convenient, but I've found an old house in the country . . ."

His wife stared up at him. She was as sturdy and practical as he was tall and dreamy; and she had a dream of her own. She wanted a white sink, one of those shiny porcelain ones where the grease doesn't stick like it does to soapstone and that you can clean with a whisk. Sometimes she woke up in the night, hurting, she wanted that sink so much; it would be kind of a symbol of how much Angus loved her, his using his hard-earned money to get it for her. But now, looking up at Angus' eyes, she knew that was the way he wanted his dream, too.

"You're like your grandfather, the one who was the Presbyterian minister," she told him slowly. "All burning up inside to change things, to make them better."

(Continued on page 83)



MAELE

Needs You

By MAXINE SHORE

JOHAN HARMONY stroked the letter as he read. Furrows drove deeper in his seamed face, fever-wasted cheeks. At last he lifted his eyes to the rugged, middle-aged man who sat opposite him at the hand-hewn table under the palms.

"I expected this," he said.

Captain Reed's blue eyes darkened. "Yes, I know."

"But not so soon. Not so soon."

"Soon, man! You must have been here nearly fifty years."

Fifty years! Yes, that many. He'd come to the island of Maele when he was twenty-seven. There had been strength in him then, and eagerness, an enthusiasm which waked him every tropic dawn and sometimes would not let him sleep at night. The eagerness and enthusiasm had never left him, but the strength was going, had nearly gone. That was why he had written the letter to the Board of Missions which had brought him this prompt reply.

John Harmony's grey eyes struck through the gently trailing creeper vine, across the quiet lagoon, out to where a ship was cradled upon the blue sea. Native outriggers swarmed around it. Dark figures, agile as monkeys, climbed ship's ladders, scurried across the decks.

It was always a gala day for the peaceful little island of Maele when Captain Reed's trading schooner arrived with its long-awaited cargo of supplies and trinkets. Gala for John Harmony, too, for then he saw white men and talked with them. But today it was different.

"The new man," he said. "Where is he?"

"I left him at Rongo. Some things he wanted to attend



The dingy drew away from the island rapidly. The natives on the shore were voiceless and still, eyes straining after John Harmony. Scarcely a spear shivered the light.

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

to, purchases to make. I am to stop by for him next week and bring him on here." He said more slowly, "I came ahead to—to tell you. Thought there might be things you'd want to do, alone, before—"

John Harmony smiled his gratitude. "Thank you."

"I know men," said Captain Reed. "Some can leave a place easily. Some can't." His eyes, searching the missionary's face, were like those of an affectionate son. Sympathy shaped his mouth. "Maele needs you. Why did you write that letter asking to be relieved?"

"You know why," said John Harmony. He lifted a veined hand. It shook slightly. "They need someone younger, stronger."

"Do they?"

"Of course," said the missionary almost sharply.

"You don't want to leave Maele."

"That has nothing to do with it."

Captain Reed stood up. He shook his head sadly. "I thought not. You're a remarkable man, John Harmony, and until now I've had great respect for your wisdom. But—I've been eighteen years trading among these islands. They've got me. I wouldn't live anywhere else. Couldn't."

"Nonsense."

"You know it's not. A man's like a tree, I tell you. Roots go down, deep—get used to one kind of soil."

Amusement flashed youth into the missionary's face. "Don't take advantage of our long friendship, Sim, by trying to make me change my mind. It's too late."



When the captain had rowed back to his ship, John Harmony walked toward his hut in the palm-thatched village. As he walked, the island of Maele came alive around him like a breathing presence. He was freshly aware of every detail. Bamboos whispering. The lapping of lagoon waters. Raucous cries of jungle birds.

Tossed crimson against the vivid sky, a bougainvillea branch was like a painting. To his suddenly sensitive nostrils came all the strong and subtle scents of jungle blooms. Color caught his eye everywhere. The laughter of native children tumbling from a hut was song, original and pure.

His island, Maele. His life. Everywhere and in everything, he had put part of himself. Willingly and with joy, for it was his lifework. He had never regretted his choice.

He came to the door of his house. He couldn't go in—strange. A queer mood was upon him. A walk might help. He would call on little Bonto, Aru's five-year-old daughter, who was convalescing from fever. He would take a small gift, make her laugh. Old Naija was dying. He must remind her again that, though her body might be dying, her life would go on. He would read her that well-loved passage in *Revelation* about the city four-square. Naija had been a young girl when he had come to Maele, younger even than himself . . .

John Harmony straightened his shoulders. It was going to be hard to tell them.

From day to day, he put the announcement off. So much to do. Things the new man might not find time to attend

to at first. Re-thatching the chapel roof, supervising the widening of the ditch. Calls to make in the interior. Instructions to repeat. The new man must find the compact little kingdom of Maele orderly.

He wondered about the new man, wished he had asked Captain Reed more about him. His name was Daniel Chatham. That was as much as the older missionary knew. Lying awake one steaming night, John Harmony prayed that Daniel Chatham would come to love beautiful Maele and her people as he had. Without love, physical labor and preaching alike were in vain.

The people of Maele. All ages, yet all, to John Harmony, children. Dear children. Good and bad, teachable and slow. His family. The only family he had had in the twenty-eight years since Mary Harmony had died. It would be hard to leave that mound of earth near the tall hibiscus bush. Yet Mary, he knew, would understand.

John Harmony rose with the sun the following morning. Two days left before the arrival of Captain Reed's schooner with the new man. Necessity was heavy upon him. Discouragement clutched at him; with every step that annoying choking in his throat increased.

So much left undone. So much left to do. Would the younger man see it to do?

He told the natives, a few at a time, as he walked among them. But after he had told them, instead of keeping on with their daily tasks, they trailed after him, questioning in bewilderment, until finally he (*Continued on page 79*)



The PRIVILEGED Class

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

I WAS visiting a wise and witty woman I know, who always amuses me by her outrageous frankness. She hews to the line, and lets the quips fall where they may. But dangerous as she is to other people's vanity, her saving grace is her honesty, for you can't be resentful about anyone who is just as frank about herself as she is about you.

The other afternoon while we were chatting, her mail arrived, an engaging handful of envelopes and a big armful of new magazines.

"Now I won't be begging you to stay on and on," she said, guileless and mischievous all at once. "The minute you're gone, I'll plunge into my secret vice."

"What's that, my dear? I didn't suppose there was anything about you that was really secret," I said, laughing affectionately at her, as I never can help doing.

She picked up three magazines and tossed them on my lap. They were the thick, expensive kind known, I think, as high-society fashion magazines.

"No matter what else I ever might have to economize on, I'd always manage a subscription to these three. Envy, Jealousy, and Discontent, I call 'em."

"What a horrible sounding collection."

"No. They're wonderful. I read them and wish."

"What on earth do you wish?"

"I wish I looked like all the photographs, that I lived in all the fabulous houses, that I could send for all the marvelous luxuries. I wish I were still in my twenties. I wish I hadn't a thought in my head except my complexion and my figure. I wish I were in the midst of an absorbing love affair . . . with a new one coming up next year. I wish my grandfather had been a millionaire, and that our family had . . ." She broke off then, and shamelessly made a face at herself in the mirror. "Instead . . . well, instead I live my sensible life, I've learned my lessons and made my



"Having everything desirable, buying everything obtainable, frequenting the luxurious pleasure-spots of the world, adds up only to the 'great onus of fear and guilt!'"

sacrifices. And now I'm stodgy and middle-aged . . . a collection of good solid virtues . . ."

"Why, I thought of all the persons . . ."

"Yes, that's right," she interrupted. "And most of the time I'm resigned to it. I *am* contented. I *am* grateful, and busy and constructive. But every once in a while, when my frivolous, worldly magazines come, I indulge in an orgy of envy."

"You've nothing to envy. You've found the good things of life. You've told me so, many times."

"Yes. But I'd trade the whole lot of them, for a year of being young and silly and rich. Choosing the good things is only a compromise," she said defiantly.

"You choose them when you can't manage the others."

"I don't believe you."

"Anybody really honest would tell you that," she insisted. "People only become sensible and worthwhile when they're not attractive enough to be spoiled and absurd."

"You're letting your nonsense run away with you."

"On the contrary. I've let my common sense run away with me."

I came home, still chuckling to myself about her. I knew she knew better. She wouldn't actually trade what she has of wisdom and character for the worldly embellishments. She is a woman who has made a good life, and who knows that

the good life has very little to do with complexions or figures, or rugs or decor. She knows that a house-dress does not guarantee either happiness or misery, nor does a mink imply either ennui or ennoblement. Alas, it is not as simple as that. For the qualifications are within, and always will be thus, no matter what occurs outside us.

Nevertheless, I wondered. I, too, had breathed a little germ of envying, and I wondered.

"How about you?" I said to myself. "Get down to cases, my girl."

Just to find out about me, I stopped at the stationer's shop and carried home a *chic* magazine of my own. I went up to my room rather sheepishly and sat down and opened it. It was very fat and prosperous looking, with full pages of colored photographs showing a world where all is well, from a material standpoint. A world where country scenes are equipped with thoroughbred hunting dogs and kind-faced old gardeners, and handsome fishermen, and lodges with great fires burning and congenial people, smartly dressed, sitting around enjoying life. The city life it shows is all candlelight, or matinee, or marble staircase of the Paris Opera, or penthouse terrace with New York glittering below. The women living in that *soignée* world all look like young countesses and debutantes. They are not all beautiful; fashion mongers are too clever to disqualify any customer for that reason. But they all have a privileged look about them, by every implication of body and mind and taste. They all look like women you'd give your eyeteeth to be!

I kept turning the advertising pages, and the discontent with my own appearance, and my own tame life kept growing and widening in me. My friend had a point; she really did. Only usually we were not honest enough to admit it.

After I had turned two hundred advertising pages, I began wondering when I would get inside the magazine itself. When I investigated I found that out of 419 pages only 90 were actually "magazine," and 329 were devoted to whipping up that very discontent and envy upon which commercialism feeds. It struck me then that the whole thing was rather out of proportion. Three-quarters of the magazine was devoted to selling you all kinds of luxuries at preposterous prices, and only one-quarter told about that glamorous world which the advertisements were promising. The promise out-balanced the fulfillment, it seemed.

Then I decided to read some of the articles, in all fairness. There was one called "Private Life of a Woman of Elegance" . . . but the privacy was merely a description of three gowns to wear "at home or at other people's houses" . . . white lace dusted with gilt sequins (\$195). "A New Head on Your Shoulders" turned out to be ways of pinning on false hair. There was a breathless article on lipstick, with surrealist

paintings of fish, fungi, and lips . . . photographs of the most prominent psychiatrists in the world . . . the wonderful news that heels and toes will now be closed.

And then I opened to the leading editorial of the magazine. A modishly dressed young woman's head, with jewels in the ears, a clever little hat against a background of fashionable 57th Street in New York, occupied a full page. But the most prominent accessory of her costume was an unhappy frown between her elegant eyebrows. Opposite the illustration was the article, called "Anxious Women."

It began by assuring her that she was not alone; we're all anxious, all haunted by anxiety, "jostled in a traffic jam of insecurity and fear." The article described this graphically and tried to account for it. Then it began touching on remedies. Touching, I say, because it was all most lightly suggested. For plainly the writer was as anxious and bewildered as is the frowning, unhappy reader in the expensive earrings.

The first remedy suggested is quickly discarded in these words: "She tries to pick up the threads of her religion . . . but too often finds that all she can remember is the story of a giant or a lion's den from Sunday school, or the faint sweet melody of an ancient hymn. She goes to a psychiatrist . . ." etc.

But the psychiatrist seems equally perplexed. He suggests that she try "being a woman," enjoying the "satisfactory present," illustrating that toothsome advice by saying, "If the filet of sole is good, give yourself up to concentrated enjoyment of its flavor." Some-

one else very seriously says "Dance." Another adviser suggests she go each week to a beauty salon for a massage "followed by a stiff hosing," and affirms that "it invariably leaves her in a better frame of mind." After a number of such dubious suggestions, the editorial rises to a crescendo and says, "Break the pattern of your life, whenever you feel trapped." If you ride to work, try walking. If you go to concerts in the evening, try the afternoon!

"Above all, keep remembering that you are not alone," the editorial ends. "What punishes you privately is universal. To know that is to help rid you of the chief burden, the great onus of fear and guilt."

So that is the sum of this enviable high standard of privileged living! Having everything desirable, buying everything obtainable, frequenting the luxurious pleasure-spots of the world, adds up only to the "great onus of fear and guilt"! You think and think about yourself, you give yourself everything you could possibly wish, you gratify every whim . . . and then when you're sick to death of yourself (as who would not be by such a steady diet of self?) the only remedy is to remember that so is everybody else!

Life somewhere along the gilded way has got terribly tarnished, so what's to do about it? Well, you seek out a noted psychiatrist or a neurologist and pay him a huge fee, and all because you're thoroughly fed up with yourself. So what does he do? He digs up some new angle of yourself that you've overlooked. He gives you a new dose of the same old

(Continued on page 78)



"We know there is only one thing in life worth envying, and we have that thing in our hearts: it is home-made happiness."

By W. T.
PERSON

[PART FIVE]

Illustrator PHIL BERRY

No Land is FREE

ARLEY WEBSTER roared over early the next morning in his truck. With him were the Darnleys, Mr. Buckley, and Mr. Wallace. All brought tools of one kind or another, and they were in jovial, industrial mood. Andy felt a glow deep within him for these men. They were pitching in, without promise of pay, to help a stranger get established! Work and the prospect of failure and the hope of success were the bonds between them. They were open-hearted, open-minded; they wanted nothing from him but his unspoken promise to share their lot as modern pioneers.

Bigelow Halleck came early with the cow. They put her into the little pole-built lot, and fastened the calf in a stall of the barn. "Maybe have a little milk for you tonight," said Big, "but it'll take a day or two for her to get used to the new place."

At ten thirty Mrs. Webster and Oreen appeared. Dave was helping the Darnleys. Bigelow Halleck had gone home. Mrs. Webster accorded the menfolk a reserved and ladylike "Morn-in'," and hastened past them to the cabin.

In the house, Birdie Webster apologized for being late, but laid it to a churning that had been uncommonly slow in "coming."

"Oh, ma!" Oreen cried, turning from the narrow kitchen window, "they got a cow an' a calf!"

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" Birdie said gladly, looking through the window. "Where'd you find that nice Jersey?"

"Bigelow Halleck brought her out this morning. We'll milk her for feed and keep."

"Oh—ummmm!" Birdie Webster said. "Well, I do say!" She looked through the open door at Hope, who was sweeping up the hearth.

Granny caught the look and knew that Mrs. Webster was fairly expiring with the desire to say more. "It was very nice of the young man," she said pleasantly, by way of giving Birdie a cue.

Mrs. Webster sniffed and looked at the old lady sadly. "Well, *some* might think it was nice," she said, and folded her thin arms.

"Why wouldn't others?" Kate asked. "He seems very nice."

"Well, now, that all depends. I always say, give the devil his due." She shook her head sadly. "If a young man that thinks the way Big thinks about gals *now*, after the way that

one broke his heart, offered *us* a cow, Harley an' me might think he had interior motives."

"*U*terior motives," Granny corrected her. "You mean you'd think he had a dark, hidden purpose in being generous?"

"I meant *interior* motives," Birdie stated with a quick glance into the main room. "That means the motives is inside him, an' that he's keepin' them to hisself." She lowered her voice a little. "We might think he was after our little 'Reen!"

Hope almost ran out the front door, to get out of sight. She had to laugh. The idea of Bigelow Halleck showing any interest in chunky little Oreen made her want to whoop and cackle. Added to this was the implication that he had brought a cow and calf as a subtle move to make Hope the slave of his heart!

The work went fast that day, and by sundown Mr. Webster had a pile of fine shingles riven; the well pipe had been driven twenty feet down, and the extra room was framed.

Brother Cowan came the next morning, more to give his blessing to the varied project than to offer aid. He was a tall, lank man with deep-set blue eyes, the long, thin face of an idealist and reformer, and a chin that jutted both forward and sideways, throwing his face a bit out of line and seeming to give extra emphasis to his firm statements. He wore faded black.

"Well, well, and this is Brother Ives!" he said in a sonorous voice. "We have great joy in welcoming you to our community, suh."

"Well, when we get straightened around, I guess we'll be coming to church some," Andy said.

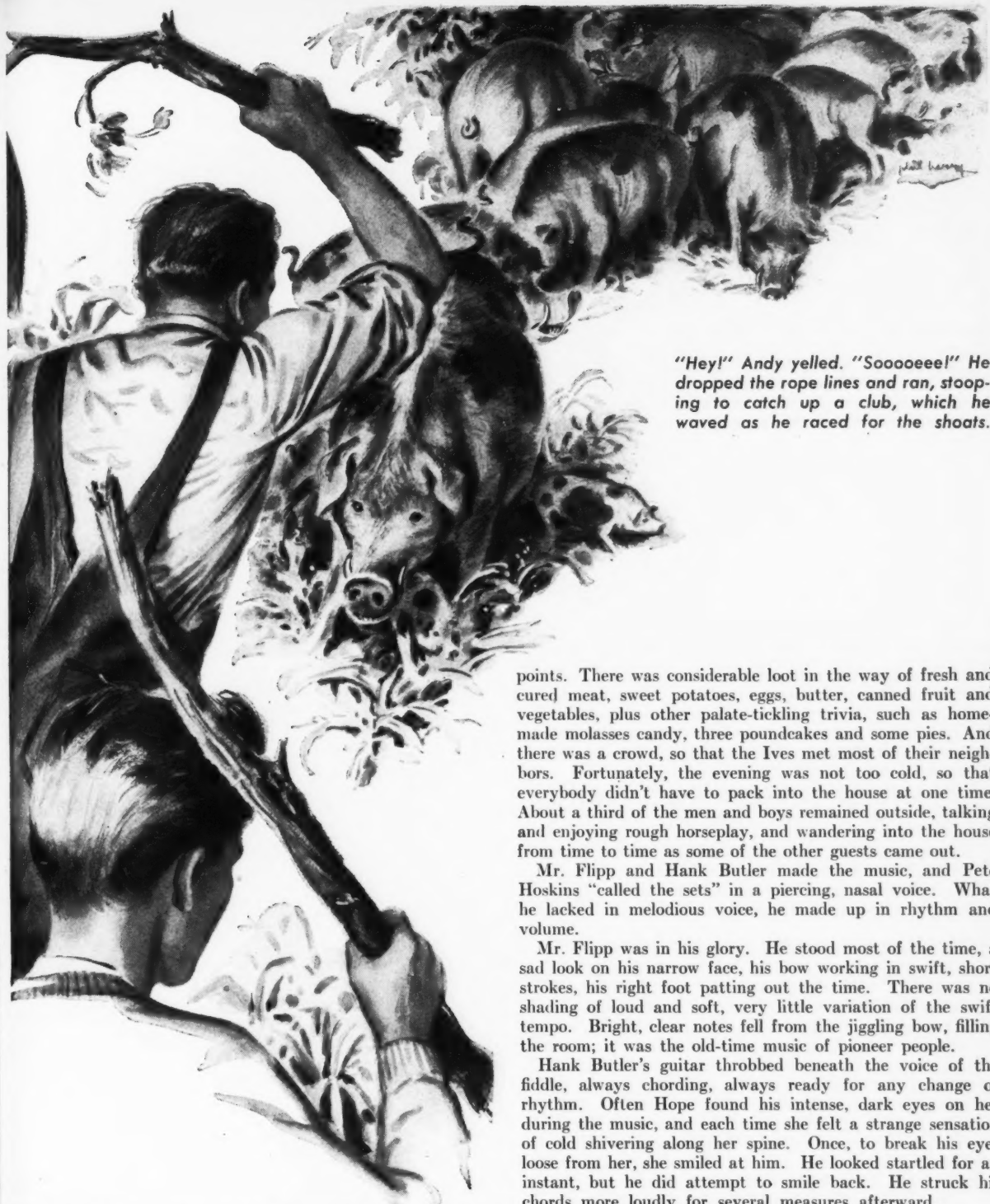
"Fine, fine!" said Brother Cowan heartily. "But right now I see there's work to be done here." He started rolling up his sleeves. "Show me where to start in!"

The work went fast now, and within a few days the new room was completed, the new roof was on, the flooring had been put down. And the Darnleys had struck a good stream of water at forty feet.

On the day when work was finished, Mrs. Webster, who had been loyal throughout, lending aid and endless conversation daily, said it would be a lot of fun at the housewarming.

"You better find out if Hank Butler can be here, to play the *gitar* with Mr. Flipp. He plays all 'round, an' he may have his promise out fer Saturday night."

"I'll speak to Andy," Kate promised.



"Hey!" Andy yelled. "Soooooeeel!" He dropped the rope lines and ran, stooping to catch up a club, which he waved as he raced for the shoats.

points. There was considerable loot in the way of fresh and cured meat, sweet potatoes, eggs, butter, canned fruit and vegetables, plus other palate-tickling trivia, such as homemade molasses candy, three poundcakes and some pies. And there was a crowd, so that the Ives met most of their neighbors. Fortunately, the evening was not too cold, so that everybody didn't have to pack into the house at one time. About a third of the men and boys remained outside, talking and enjoying rough horseplay, and wandering into the house from time to time as some of the other guests came out.

Mr. Flipp and Hank Butler made the music, and Pete Hoskins "called the sets" in a piercing, nasal voice. What he lacked in melodious voice, he made up in rhythm and volume.

Mr. Flipp was in his glory. He stood most of the time, a sad look on his narrow face, his bow working in swift, short strokes, his right foot patting out the time. There was no shading of loud and soft, very little variation of the swift tempo. Bright, clear notes fell from the jiggling bow, filling the room; it was the old-time music of pioneer people.

Hank Butler's guitar throbbed beneath the voice of the fiddle, always chording, always ready for any change of rhythm. Often Hope found his intense, dark eyes on her during the music, and each time she felt a strange sensation of cold shivering along her spine. Once, to break his eyes loose from her, she smiled at him. He looked startled for an instant, but he did attempt to smile back. He struck his chords more loudly for several measures afterward.

Hope caught on quickly to the intricacies of the square dance. She was in the set with Bigelow Halleck, at his invitation; and he proved to be a good teacher. The touch of his big, warm hand gave her an odd confidence, and at the same time another sensation that she couldn't quite describe.

But whenever she happened to look toward the musicians, she found Hank Butler's black eyes fastened on her; and every time she caught Birdie Webster looking her way, that meek and relentlessly apologetic person's eyes spoke shocked disapproval.

During an intermission in the festivities, while Bigelow Halleck became engaged in a discussion with her father, Hope

Birdie rubbed a plate, for they were doing the dinner dishes, and studied Hope's profile with her probing eyes.

"I reckon Big'll come to the warmin'."

"Oh, I guess so. Isn't everybody invited to such things?" "I'm not advisin' you one way or the other," Mrs. Webster said cautiously. "But—well, you do what you want to do about it." And she shook her head a trifle sadly. Then, "Hank'll like you," she said bluntly.

Hope shuddered. "You think so?"

"I just bound you he will. An' they ain't many in this country anywhere that can pick the gittar like him, either."

The housewarming was a great success from two stand-

slipped outside. She wanted to be alone for a few minutes, to think over—well, the thing she felt happening to her as the result of Big's closeness.

She had wandered only a short ways from the lighted house when suddenly Hank Butler stepped out of the shadows. She started at the unexpected encounter, and began walking back toward the house, not wishing to be there in the poorly lighted area with Hank Butler, who must have followed her outside.

"Wait, Miss Hope," he begged.

She stopped. "Do you want to see me about something?"

He came up to her. Even in the poor light she could see his black eyes on her—or she fancied she could. "Pretty night, ain't it?"

"Very." She started walking again. Hank was beside her.

"Don't hurry so," he begged. "I want to talk to you."

"About what?" She was walking even faster now.

Hank's hard fingers closed about her arm. It was a quick, bold move, made with no warning. "Wait," he said sharply.

"Don't!" she gasped, trying to snatch away, but his grip was powerful. "Turn me loose. Don't ever touch me again!"

"Now, Miss Hope!" He was taking a new tack now, and there was no anger in his voice. "I got to talk with you. I'll turn you a-loose if you'll listen to me a minute."

"All right, I will. What do you want to talk about?"

Hank released her arm. "I don't care nothin' 'bout that li'l Oreen Webster," he said. "She's been pesterin' me an' swinging onto me like I was her'n; but I ain't got nothin' fer her."

"No?" Hope said.

"Naw. She's plum' boy crazy, an' she's been after me till I didn't have a chance to talk to you. I don't want to make her ma mad; she's got a tongue like a black-snake whup!"

"You are a little old for Oreen," Hope said. She felt that he had paused for her to make some comment.

He nodded. "I'm more yore age. She's crazy 'bout me 'cause I play the gittar. It's funny how bein' a good musician will make the gals flock after a feller!" Then he moved slightly nearer to Hope. "It's you that I'm crazy about!" he said hoarsely, and he caught her hand. "I'm a plum' fool about—"

"I told you not to touch me!" Hope said hotly, trying to pull her hand away. She caught his hard wrist with her other hand and pushed—trying to get loose. Then he had both her hands. He snatched her to him in a crude display of strength, and his arms held her tight. "I'm—fool—'bout you!" he muttered hoarsely.

Hope was breathless with fright and anger. She fought against him, but he was too strong and determined, and her struggles only made him grasp her more roughly. A feeling of complete revulsion and terror swept over her. She tried to cry out, but his hard mouth found hers then, and he kissed her cruelly.

A sharp loathing gave her strength, and she fought wildly. She was so angry now that she had no thought of crying out for help. She tore her right arm free and caught his tousled, black hair and wrenched with all her desperate might. His head flung back. She writhed and twisted, making him groan and curse.

He released her body and reached for the hand that was tearing his hair. Hope swung hard and flung him off balance, and as he teetered for a second she slapped him sharply with her free hand.

"You scratchin' little cat!" Hank snarled, clawing for the fingers in his

hair. "Nex' time, so help me, I'll give you a real kiss!"

"You dirty brute-bully!" Hope cried. Then she tore her hand loose from his hair, avoiding his clutching fingers, and gave him a hard shove.

She ran for the house fifty feet away. She could hear Hank Butler cursing and mouthing behind her, but he was not trying to overtake her.

At that moment Oreen appeared in the doorway. "Have you saw Hank?" she inquired.

"Yes, I—" Then Hope saw that Oreen was staring at her, and she realized that she must be mussed.

"Where's Hank?" the chunky girl asked with sharp suspicion. "You been out there in the dark with him!"

"Hush your silly mouth!" Hope ordered. "He's out there somewhere, now. Go find him. Keep him! Don't let him get near me again!"

"What's all this?" Mrs. Webster asked, appearing behind Oreen. She was studying Hope closely. "What you been doin'?"

"She was out there with Hank!" Oreen put in. "She just tol' me so. She tries to be so high an' mighty, but she sneaks out an' tries to take Hank away from me! She—"

"Hush up, 'Reen!" Birdie snapped. Her eyes were still on Hope, who was trying to straighten her hair before going into the building. "You're a godless hussy!" the woman stated. "Leadin' a sweet boy on, just like Virgie Winslow led Big Halleck on!"

"You're crazy!" Hope said, almost choking with rage. "He tried to—"

"Come on, 'Reen," Birdie Webster said. "They's some people we don't have to be saw with!"

And they turned back into the building.

Hope stood there, trembling. If she hadn't been so angry, she might have cried.

(Continued on page 71)

Hope spent most of the evening with Big Halleck. The touch of his big, warm hand gave her an odd confidence.



THE FIERY CROSS *and Calvary*

TWENTY-FOUR years ago in a Munich beer hall there was planted the germ of a diseased idea . . . a germ of hate. At first people laughed at it. The planter of that germ was considered a clown, a buffoon. People ignored him. They said he was too crazy ever to get anywhere. At first only the Jews were affected. Other people didn't worry. But later, it was the Catholics; then the Protestants, until all Europe and the world were torn asunder. We are still suffering because we did not stamp out the poison of Adolph Hitler before it spread. He was our problem; but for too long we ignored him.

So Ku Klux Klanism and all the other *isms* which preach hate are not merely the business of the South; they are the business of the nation. And, as with Hitler, the time to stamp them out is now.

This happens to be a subject on which I feel most deeply. I belong to a religious faith which long was persecuted. I am a Quaker . . . a name of derision given our forebears because they supposedly quaked before the English kings. Two hundred and sixty-four years ago, as the Quakers came to this country, an earlier settler, Cotton Mather, who, like the Klan, believed in burning witches, wrote a letter to a friend in which he said: "There is now at sea a ship called the *Welcome* which has on board a hundred more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn. who is the chief scamp, at the head of them."

"The General Court," he continued, "has accordingly given secret orders to the master of the brig *Porpoise* to waylay the said *Welcome* slyly, and make capture of the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people."

Thus spoke Cotton Mather, who, when it came to intolerance, was the Imperial Wizard of his day.

However, the Quakers landed in Pennsylvania, the Catholics in Maryland, the Puritans in New England; and also there came many different races; the Negroes . . . through no fault of their own . . . the Germans of the Midwest, the Spaniards of the Southwest, the Italians of New York, and the Irish almost everywhere. And we built up one great nation of

Editor's note:

This article is condensed from a speech made by Drew Pearson on the steps of the state capitol in Atlanta, Georgia. He took his life in his hands when he made it. We reproduce this portion of it here as a tribute to a man of courage, and as an attack of our own upon the most insidious undercover movement in modern America.

By

DREW PEARSON

every race and creed, the freest, most successful melting pot the world has ever known . . . one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

But in the world's great melting pot, race cannot stand against race, minority against minority. It may be fashionable to denounce minorities, but minorities made America.

During a war, men learn to hate a common enemy. But when war is over, they cannot always cast off the habit of hating overnight. So with the enemy removed, they fall to hating each other . . . especially the weaker minorities.

That is what happened after the last war. Spawned in Georgia, the Ku Klux Klan sent its messengers of hate to every corner of the land, rolling up nine million members, until in five years, they

had collected the stupendous total of ninety million dollars . . . the price paid by many naive, well-intentioned but misguided people for lessons in bigotry. Today, the same invisible empire of bigotry, terror and hate is beginning to take root in the uncertainty of post-war America.

Now my friends, civilization will ask the people of the South some bitter questions if once again bigotry and terror go on the rampage. The men who spread this terror are a libel on the fair names of Stonewall Jackson, Louis Beauregard, and William Hardee, who if they were alive today would be riding in full uniform to stop these cowardly masqueraders. Can anyone imagine a true descendant of Jeb Stuart charging a lonely Negro farmhouse at night? There is no blacker mark against the Klan than that they seek to convert the august mantle of Robert E. Lee into a night shirt.

Many defenseless people will suffer because of the Klan, but those who have most to lose are the Klansmen themselves. For they must live with themselves . . . with their own hate, their own cruelty. Men consumed by hatred are not happy men.

Jesus Christ, giving an example of neighborliness, told how the Good Samaritan picked up the man who had fallen among thieves, bound up his wounds, mounted him on his steed and took him to an inn. Men who betray His teaching, who betray His cross by flogging innocent victims under its shadow, can reap only unhappiness wherever they may go. They have to live with themselves.

Immortality means in part that men live in the memory of other men . . . as do the beloved heroes of the South. But a Klansman's reward is to be remembered with scorn until the end of man, and the descendants of the Klan will be ashamed.

As long as books are written and men read them, the Klan . . . like Hitler . . . will be condemned for its doctrine of hate. On Stone Mountain, the Klan talked of lynching other men. When Christ spoke on a mountain, He spoke of loving other men. History reveres men of good will. But history will ridicule and despise the fiery crosses on Stone Mountain, because the fiery cross breaks faith with the Cross on Calvary.

Loyalty

...IN OUR TIME

By **ANSLEY
C. MOORE**

Pastor, Government St. Presbyterian Church, Mobile, Ala.

THE word "loyalty" is one of the strongest words in the English language. It calls to mind other strong words, synonyms: faithfulness, constancy, devotion, allegiance, fidelity. The antonyms, words that mean the opposite of loyalty, are among the most hateful words in our tongue: treason, treachery, perfidy, disloyalty.

Plato recognized only four virtues: prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice. Writers on Christian ethics have added three distinctly Christian virtues: faith, hope, and love. There is but one word, one virtue, it seems to me, which sums up the character of Jesus and ties together all the qualities we find in Him, and it is not one of the Platonic virtues or even faith, or hope, or love. It is that strain in His character suggested by the word "loyalty." He was loyal at the age of twelve to His Father's business—"Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He was loyal to His ministry—"We must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." He was loyal to His mission—"I must preach the good tidings of the kingdom of God to the other cities also." He was loyal to His Father—"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Contemplating the loyalty of Jesus—that admirable quality which captivates men—leads me to ask, "What quality of character, which virtue do we need to think clearly about more than any other today? In our time, what foundation stone is widely lacking which topples the temple of men's characters when the pressure is on? What strength are we most thankful for when it becomes manifest in men's lives? One clear answer is *Loyalty*."

Perhaps the nub of much difficulty in our time lies in the realm of loyalties. It is from a certain concept of loyalty that much of the world's woe wends its wicked way—loyalty to race, blood, and soil. Loyalty to a narrow nationalistic ideology has recently plunged this planet to new depths of meanness and misery.

And it may be said further that it is around allegiance to some very simple and fundamental Christian truths that the cure for all the ills of our time will come. John Bennett says, wistfully, "Many of us are seeking for a basis for loyalty to the purposes of God in history which does not depend upon expectation of results in our time."

In moments of insight certain self-evident truths bear upon the direction our loyalties should take.

Think of God's creation of this incredible world for His children. There is a Saturn with its rings of fire. There are Orion and the Pleiades and the Southern Cross. There is a garden of roses. Here is dawn that comes up like thunder. There are the mountains, the valleys, the streams, the trees. Here are laughing children and loving friends. At the center of it all there is man. The fifteenth chapter of *Luke* makes it clear that joy floods every inlet of the skies when one individual bends the knee in a prayer of repentance. Since man is the center of it all, His creation is for *me*. It demands my recognition of God, and recognition in its best sense means loyalty to Him. It demands, then, my unconditional loyalty to my heavenly Father, Creator of this wondrous world.

THINK of God's coming into the world in point of time. God has always been in His world. But at a certain time in the world's history He came in the form of a man; He came as Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ, the Savior of the world. That coming was for *me*. It demands my unswerving loyalty to Him.

Think of Christ's coaxing, wooing; I mean the method by which He called men to the good life. "If any man thirst, let him come." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "If any man would follow me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

There is no cracking of the whip over our heads, there is no lashing with thongs, there is no compulsion such as the dictators have used. But ever so winsomely, appealingly, He coaxes, challenging men to walk with God and to live. "Ye are the light of the world." "Go thou and do likewise." "Be ye perfect as your Father is perfect." See how gently He entices, see how He beguiles men to fol-

low Him. That coaxing, it seems to me, ought to challenge my unflagging allegiance to Him.

Think of Christ's Cross. G. A. Studert-Kennedy, the great British preacher of the first World War, says he found it hard to believe in God in the midst of such bloody agony and hatred as he found in the trenches of France. The only thought that turned his rebellion into adoration was the thought that the Cross of Christ reveals not only the *sympathy* of God but also the *suffering* of God. He then determined that God's part is "the hardest part."

THE Cross is indeed the symbol of eternal suffering in the heart of God. In this Divine-human encounter God's part is the hardest part. And that suffering was for *me*. It demands my undying loyalty to Him.

Think of God's plan for the culmination of everything. His plan is for the family of God to be assembled. This means that the conflicts in which we are now engaged are not to go on forever. Good and evil, God and Satan, life and death, light and darkness cannot always remain side by side in the same universe. God's way will triumph ultimately. The activity of a sovereign God cannot fail. This bald fact, it seems to me, might well challenge and demand my loyalty to Him.

Now, to prevent our meditation from being vague and indefinite, let me mention a few things I want to be loyal to.

I want to be loyal to as much of God's will as I know. Oft-times I do not know the will of God for my life. But I do know this: anything that is *right* is God's will. I know fairly well my duty to my mate, my children, my home, my state, and my generation. Any action that is my unmistakable duty is the will of my heavenly Father. One reason many of us do not know the will of God in the great crises of life is that we do not do the will of God in the small day by day duties where His will is plain. Carlyle once said, "Do the duty which lies nearest thee which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer." Alan Richardson in "Preface to Bible Study" sums this matter up: "It is only when we have learned what obedience to the will of God means in the near-to-hand affairs of our everyday living that we are in any

Sermon



degree qualified to talk about the will of God in the great social, political and international issues of our time. So easily can grand talk about the latter be made a substitute for the former that we must be continually on our guard against falling into this particular snare. He who is not faithful in small things is unlikely to be faithful in great.

As I survey our time and realize that there are great areas of our life as a nation, and as a denomination, where the will of God is not clear, I dedicate myself here and now to do that portion of God's will which is plain. I am sure that in doing that bit of His will, regardless of how small it may be, another area of God's will shall become clear. It is the universal experience of Christians too, that once they have set their feet in the paths which please God, they have a sense of being borne along—carried—by some mighty power beyond themselves. This is Providence. The experience of being under providential care comes only to those who are doing that portion of God's will which they know.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

In the second place, I want to be loyal to the privilege of prayer and worship. Through prayer my intelligence is attuned to God. Through prayer my conscience is attuned to God. Through prayer my heart learns to listen and my lips to speak for God. It is through the worship of Him, in private, at the public services of worship in the sanctuary, that my soul throws off its shackles of sin, prejudice, and bitterness, and rises to meet the descending spirit of the living God. It is in this high experience of Christian worship, with prayer at its heart, that I am renewed, I am refreshed, I am satisfied.

The acid test of our characters as Christians comes at this point. Many of us attend to this matter spasmodically. Instead of systematically seeking as sons and daughters to keep alive the filial relationship with our Father and thus to share His fellowship, we intermittently touch Him on a different level. We go blundering back to God when we fail morally, or when we are in despair. We fall upon our knees in time of trouble or perplexity. We shout for God to come a-running when our little cart overturns. Shame on us! Here is the privilege of prayer and worship at our disposal hourly. God places within our reach His

(Continued on page 94)

"I may not know just the course my nation and my world should go, but I can narrow the issue down for the moment to a determination to be loyal to the great privilege of prayer and worship."



By Virginia Hinton

WE AMERICANS, unless we are full-blooded Indians, are all the descendents of foreigners. The only difference is that some of us happened to get here first.

For instance, a certain farming section in California originally belonged to the Indians. Then came the Franciscan missionaries from Spain who were "foreigners." The Indians naturally enough were extremely distrustful of these newcomers, but eventually there evolved with the establishment of the Franciscan Missions a fairly pleasant and harmonious relationship. Following the missionaries, Spanish and Mexican *rancheros* built their *haciendas*, and after them came the *Yanquis* (Yankees) who in their turn were "foreigners."

After many ups and downs and some shedding of blood, the romance of Spain and the hardy practical qualities of New England fused into a new way of life. But still the foreigners came. Portuguese who settled on little farms, and after that the Mexicans whom the Portuguese resented as "foreigners."

There is an old saying that it takes two to make a quarrel. Likewise it takes two to make a foreigner. Emerson in one of his essays tells of an English lady on the Rhine who, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we're not foreigners, we are English; it is you who are foreigners."

Many of us are like the English lady. We never stop to think that if someone is a foreigner to us, we must also be a foreigner to him. He is measuring us by his standards and customs just as we are measuring him by ours.

Some of the views of university students from South America are rather illuminating. They usually express surprise that all North Americans are not "tall, red-faced people, always in a hurry." But the really great revelation for some is that we are "kind and have good manners."

An artist from Chile who has lived in Europe and now lives in the United States says, "There is one thing I cannot understand about you North Americans. You supposedly have the greatest individual freedom of any people in the world, yet when you attend conventions or travel abroad, you seem to feel that you must 'let yourselves go'. Americans make themselves conspicuous by drinking too much and talking too loud, and often ignore the common social courtesies of the land in which they are visiting."

Not all of us do this, she admits, but such a large percent that it is considered more or less characteristic be-



havior. With this not too flattering picture of ourselves as foreigners, we are perhaps in a better position to consider the foreigner in our own country.

A young woman was standing in one of the interminable lines in the Office of Price Administration in Los Angeles. While waiting she entered into a conversation with the man standing next to her. In Southern California, sooner or later, the question comes up, "Where are you from?"

"I'm a Cuban," the woman said.

"You are?" The man showed signs of internal excitement. Finally he said, "Would you mind if I called my little girl over here? She's never seen anyone from Cuba."

A little tow-headed, pug-nosed girl came over and stared at the stranger for a few minutes, then turned away with obvious disappointment. "She ain't no different," she said.

This little girl's way of thinking represents a not altogether uncommon attitude toward foreigners. It could be called the provincial attitude. Anything different from the known and familiar is "queer" or "funny." A foreigner is expected to be a strange exotic creature whom one approaches with some anticipation of amusement.

A second attitude toward foreigners may be called the primitive approach. Many primitive peoples—not all—are suspicious of and even hostile toward outsiders. Such an attitude has its roots in a feeling of insecurity and fear. The stranger may take something from him or get something which he himself wants. Therefore he feels an instinctive hostility.

A businessman said that he wasn't going to have any more dealings with Latin Americans because he couldn't understand them. He felt that they were "all out to get ahead" of him. On the other hand, it is conceivable that Latin American businessmen accustomed to the more formal European way of life,

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might be somewhat apprehensive of the unconventional, go-getter type of North American. His reactions might be extremely wary and guarded. In a highly complicated, interdependent society we have to learn to understand each other's ways and customs—and not to be afraid of each other.

A third attitude toward foreigners is that of superiority. A young girl from Argentina was visiting in London. At tea time she asked her English governess, who had come with her from Buenos Aires, to have "one of the natives bring some tea."

"They are English, not natives," said the governess.

"But you have always called our people natives. Why aren't the English natives in England?" the girl very reasonably asked.

And she was right, the word "native" pertains to the circumstances of birth, such as one's native land, but by common usage to speak of "the natives" usually carries the subtle implication of inferiority.

Feeling superior to foreigners is not modern. From the beginning of history, tribes and nations have had words which they used contemptuously to designate outsiders whom they considered beneath them. The Greeks had a word for it—"barbarian," which we use to this day.

In our own time there is a whole group of words used similarly, such words as Dago, Kike, Bohunk, Chink. For the most part these names are applied thoughtlessly without any real ill will. They reflect the human disposition to inflate one's own importance by "looking down" on some one else.

This attitude frequently manifests itself in discrimination toward certain people because of color. Ruben Dario, the Nicaraguan poet, one of the outstanding literary figures of his day, was of Spanish, Negro, and Indian extraction. At one time he was refused a hotel room in New York because of his color. He felt this rebuff with all the sensitivity of his poetic nature. It was bound to influence his emotional attitude toward the United States and North Americans. And unfortunately for us and better human relations, he was the most widely followed writer at that time in both the Spanish- and French-speaking world.

The habit of evaluating a foreigner according to the color of his skin can easily sabotage our hemispheric Good Neighbor Policy. In a certain university there were twenty-eight students enrolled from various countries in South America. One, a Peruvian, the son of a wealthy rancher and part Indian, was dark and swarthy. He had a friend, a tall, blond Panamanian whose ancestors had come from the north of Spain. The Peruvian, having independent means, had his own house and wanted his friend to live with him. When the young Panamanian asked the dean of men if he could change his living quarters, the dean said, "What do you want to move in with him for? Why don't you stay with the white people?"

The Panamanian felt that not only his friend had been insulted but all of South America, and so did the twenty-seven other students, including of course the Peruvian. As a result several of the South Americans moved in with the Peruvian and said that they intended to have no more social contacts with North Americans.

These young people will go back to their various countries, each contributing his influence toward friendliness and good will toward the United States or—suspicion and distrust. Some of them may become national leaders. We hear a great deal about international relations, and we seem to think that if we can put a set of rules on paper the world will automatically become peaceful. But international relations begin at home in the way people think about each other and act toward each other. An ancient Hebrew song tells of the little foxes that spoil the vines. Small incidents can undermine the friendship of nations.

We have a cosmopolitan heritage. The story of the California community with its successive generations of foreigners could be duplicated, with other nation-

(Continued on page 75)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

MARCH 1947

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SAT.
MAR. 1

READ LAM. 3:22, 23

"THE Lord's loving kindnesses are new every day," and that is the spirit with which we of this meditation hour start into the turbulent, tumultuous month of March. The *Evangelical Beacon* sings it this way: "I wonder oft each fleeting day, when life's perplexities so vex my heart, and leave my soul so barren that a part seems gone, and everything so worthless and so wrong, why I so seldom pause to feel the holy hush, the soothing peace that God doth give; the strength, the calm, the joy to live, though life is rough? Close where He is—it is enough!"

Dear Master of our hushed and holy hour, we thank Thee that Thy loving kindness, Thy quiet, and Thy peace are offered to us "new everyday." Amen.

SUN.
MAR. 2

READ MATT. 14:23

JESUS, as this text says, went up into the mountain apart to pray. If Jesus felt that necessity on His soul, how dare we neglect that means of daily grace? Rather let this beautiful verse be our prayer, day and night:

*Oh, help me, Lord
My soul implores,
To pause each dawn of life's mad day
To feel Thy presence, hear Thee say
In whispered tones:
"Come unto Me—
Live not alone!"*

Dear Christ, Thou who didst promise to intercede for us at Thy Father's throne; each day at dawn, we lift our hearts and accept that kindly offered courtesy. Amen.

MON.
MAR. 3

READ ISA. 40:31

A FRIEND of mine, who has a deep spiritual outlook on life, in commenting on our text this morning, once told me the way she mounts up on wings like the eagle. She put it into a beautiful prose-poem: "A heart is such a simple thing, I heard one say; I never knew how true that was until today. By just a smile it soars aloft, on eagle's wings; an unkind

word, into the depths of sorrow flings. A heart can climb up to the height that leads to God, or walk with ease along the road that fools have trod. And yet this simple heart can holy be, a temple set apart, my Lord, for Thee."

Dear Master of the low and lowly, and Father of the high and holy, teach us in the spirit of this beautiful and uplifting text to mount up with wings like the eagle in our spiritual lives this day.

TUES.
MAR. 4

READ JOHN 1:5

THAT darkness is not able to put out the light of God in this world is what this text really means, according to an interpretation which my friend, Dr. Clarence Craig of Yale, told me a few days ago. Perhaps Dr. Craig is only saying in prose what one of my poet friends, Charles Cleaves, says in verse: "I have lifted my eyes to the strength of the hills at the dawn of the day; Felt the quickening stir of a power that thrills; Seen the night drift away; Caught the first flush of dawn. Who is this, then, that fills, with His spirit, my clay? He that slumbereth not while I slumber, nor sleeps while, protected, I sleep; who creates, shall sustain—who gave life, shall renew—who hath promised shall keep. It is He—ever your friend and preserver. Oh soul! The ineffable flame; The Lord is His name!"

Dear Christ of the Andes, and of all mountain peaks, and high and holy dreams, we thank Thee this day that Thou art the Lord of our light eternal and that light is ever in Thy keeping. Amen.

WED.
MAR. 5

READ ISA. 32:2

IN THIS windy month of March it is good to hear such tall talk as this in our text about a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, especially when March comes in like a lion. At such suggestions I like to think of this sacred and holy hour of meditation each day as being a covert from the tempests of life which blow upon and around and about with such fury. David Lloyd George once said to me as we stood at

the tomb of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield: "All of Lincoln's turbulent, tempestuous life he hid in the protecting covert of the presence of his Heavenly Father. That was why he could be so calm and undisturbed when everybody around him was restless, frightened and fearful."

Dear Christ of the quiet sea, Thou who didst speak peace to wave-washed Galilee; and Thou who so often didst calm the restless souls of disturbed people, come Thou into our hearts this day and give us Thy peace. Amen.

THURS.
MAR. 6

READ ROM. 10:17

"FAITH cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." What a regnant sentence that is to start off our meditation this March morning! Some March days we get the feeling that spring will never come; that winter has taken full possession of the land and that we shall never see sunlight and spring flowers again; but let us have faith to believe that, as the poet said so long ago, "If winter comes shall spring be far behind?" One year I had what they called a "nervous breakdown." It was a depressing experience, but in the midst of it I wrote a book on faith and dedicated it to my friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mark Hopkins of San Jose, California, in this sentence: "To Dr. and Hazel Hopkins, who, in 'The winter of my discontent' taught me, through their faith, that, 'If winter comes shall spring be far behind?'"

Dear Father of all faith, we thank Thee, that Thou doth teach us that "If winter comes shall spring be far behind?"

FRI.
MAR. 7

READ JOHN 4:6

"NOW Jacob's well was there," and yet a thousand people passed by that well and did not know of its presence and of its refreshing waters. Vachel Lindsay sang it thus: "I wish that I had learned by heart some lyrics read that day; I knew not 'twas a Giant Hour that soon would pass away." Some other writer sang it in two lines: "He looked importantly about him, While all the world" (Continued on page 40)

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went on without him." Thomas Drier said it in prose: "A greater poverty than that caused by lack of money is the poverty of unawareness. Men and women go about the world unaware of the beauty, the goodness, the glories in it. Their souls are poor." What he was saying was: "Now Jacob's well was there," but the passersby did not know it.

Dear Christ of all the deep spiritual wells of life; Thou who didst stand by Jacob's well and give unto all the world the water of life; we come to Thee, praying that we may be aware that Jacob's well is there. Amen.

SAT.
MAR. 8

READ I COR. 13:13

HELEN WEBER says: "How strange it is we reckon age by years, and measure time as seasons come and go, as if to live were but to count the days, and as if death were but to add the score." When we think of time, eternity, and life in terms of this morning's text, "The greatest of these is love." Therefore what are minutes, hours, dawns, nights, weeks, months, years—aye, even eternity, in the light of the fact that "The greatest of these is love."?

Dear Father of all love and of all lovely and lovable things in life; we thank Thee as we start this day, that we know that the greatest thing in life and eternity is love! Amen.

SUN.
MAR. 9

READ LUKE 22:19

I THINK of this text in a somewhat unusual way. When Jesus said, "Do this in remembrance of me," I like to think of Him as meaning, in remembrance of that sunlit day when He took little children and said, "Of such is my Kingdom," and in the mood of this delightful verse in prose: "Dear Lord, I do not ask, that Thou shouldst give me some high work of Thine, some noble calling or some wondrous task; give me a little hand to hold in mine, give me a little child to point the way, over the strange sweet path that leads to Thee; give me a little voice to teach to pray; among the wise, the worthy or the great, I only ask that, softly, hand in hand, a child and I may enter through Thy gate."

Dear Christ of all sacred scenes in human life; there are so many things in Thy days on earth that we want to do "in remembrance of Thee," and one of them is this daily devotional hour, and we thank Thee for that privilege. Amen.

MON.
MAR. 10

READ MATT. 8:15

"HE TOUCHED her hand and the fever left her." How much we human beings need that touch in these feverish days; in this wind-tossed March; in this turbulent age in which we live now and here! The touch of Christ's hand on our

souls will quiet the "frantic immediacy" of our lives. Some poet has sung it thus: "When my eyes are blind to the things of truth, when the rush of the world and its ways pollute, when my brow is fevered, my witness mute, Oh I long for the touch of the Master! He touched the leper and made him whole; I have felt His touch on my sin-sick soul; He touched the blind and the blind did see; And the same dear touch gave light to me."

Oh, Thou blessed Christ who didst touch the blind to give them sight; who didst touch the hand of a woman with a fever and the fever left her; touch us this day with Thy gentle hand and calm our fevered souls. Amen.

TUES.
MAR. 11

READ EXOD. 3:5

HOLY ground! That is where we walk in these Daily Meditations. The Presence of Jesus is always Holy Ground and we take our shoes off when we walk into His presence. Years ago I made a trip through Japan and Korea, and before I ever entered a home in those Oriental lands I was always expected to take off my shoes and put on a pair of clean slippers made of straw cloth. That, I found, was because the Oriental home was a sacred place and, symbolically, one had such reverence for a friend's home that he did not dare to risk carrying the dirt and pollution of the streets and the outside world into that home. I learned to like that symbol and custom and it taught me the deeper spiritual meaning of this text so that I have never forgotten it.

Dear Father of the Holy of Holies; the home, the church, the family altar; we thank Thee that we have the reverence in our hearts that makes us want to take off our shoes as we enter into this worship period with Thee. Amen.

WED.
MAR. 12

READ PSALM 29:2

LIVING in New England, as I do, I have recently gone through all the New England poets once again to refresh my mind on what they wrote; and I have found, much to my delight, that some of the finest of our church hymns have come from them. There is for instance, one from Oliver Wendell Holmes entitled "Lord of All Being":

*Lord of all being throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun to star;
Center soul on every sphere,*

Yet to each loving heart how near!

I always think of this glorious poem and hymn when I read the text of this day and worship my God in "the beauty of holiness."

"Lord of all being; throned afar," we lift our hearts to Thee this day in "the beauty of holiness" and ask Thy presence as we worship Thee. Amen.

(Continued on page 65)

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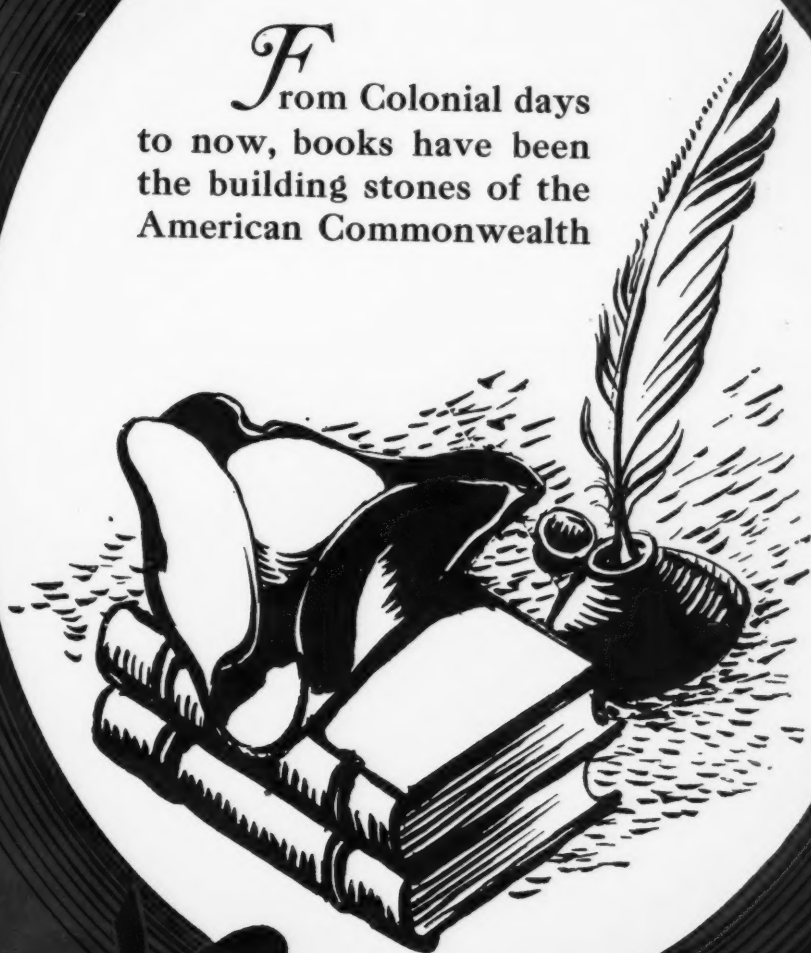
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Books

Twenty Million Hear Him Preach—Dr. Walter Maier and the Lutheran Hour.

Excerpts from "Driftwood Valley"—Two with courage take to the wilderness.

Good Books for Lenten Reading—Christian Herald makes fifteen suggestions.

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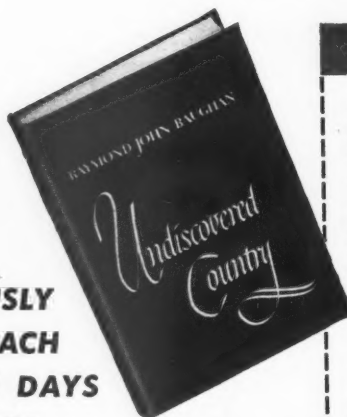
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Twenty-five thousand jam-packed the Chicago Stadium recently to hear Dr. Walter Maier, right, during a Lutheran Hour Rally; millions more heard him over the radio.

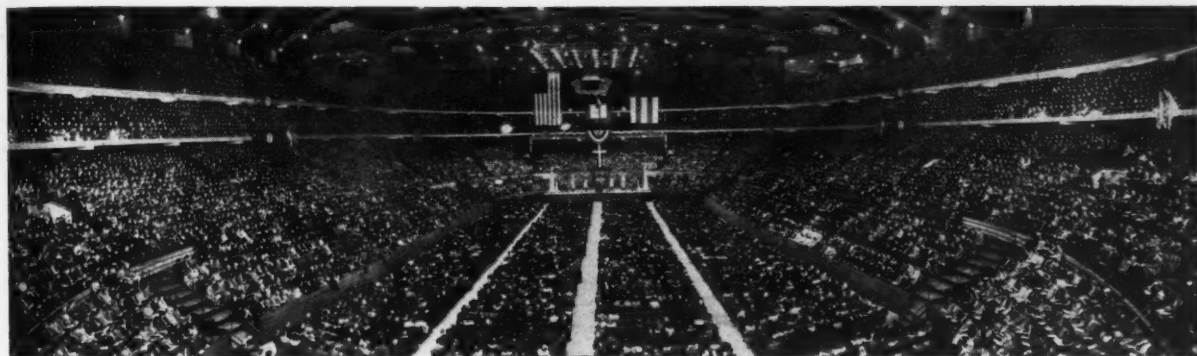
TWENTY MILLION

• • hear him preach

By William F. McDermott



George Nellidoff



A MINISTER preaching to 500 different people every Sunday during the year—with two weeks out for vacation—would reach 100,000 in four years. In 40 years—or longer than the entire pastoral career of the average clergyman—he would touch 1,000,000 with his message. It would take 800 years for him to give sermons to 20,000,000.

Imagine having a 20,000,000 congregation on a single Sunday! It would be a miracle akin to feeding the 5,000 on loaves and fishes, or to walking on the sea. Yet that is the size of the reverent listening audience to the "preaching-est preacher" in all the world today, and doubtless of all time. From October until June, he delivers impassioned sermons to a total of more than 600,000,000 in a season. His crowd for one year exceeds the total population of the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and Russia. It surpasses the total number of people in China or India. In four years he preaches to more than the equivalent of all the people of the earth!

The wizardry of radio, operating through 905 stations in a number of different languages, makes possible the world's greatest congregation to hear the voice of the modern prophet called the "Jeremiah of the Twentieth Century"—Dr. Walter A. Maier, of St. Louis, who in

15 years has leaped from a lonely voice on two small stations to the mighty herald on hundreds of broadcasting stations. His aim is to be the first evangelist of history to proclaim the Gospel over 1,000 radio stations. He may reach that goal before 1947 is done.

The air sizzles and crackles when this 53-year-old, high-strung, athletic-formed and youth-vigored Maier lets go his flaming message for exactly 19 minutes every Sunday over the Mutual Broadcasting System and independent stations around the world. He hurls invective without quarter at modern adulterers, carousers, cheats, crooks, gangsters, pagans, hypocrites and worldlings in high places as well as low. He spares neither sex in his denunciations. He preaches unadulterated repentance and confession by "respectable" and prosperous sinners of the boulevards as well as the bums of the Bowery.

"You are all sinners, unforgiven and without hope in this world or the world to come if you haven't unreservedly repented of your sins, taken Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior, and dedicated yourself completely to His service," Dr. Maier shouts into the microphone. "All of your millions, your fame, your power, your respectability, your cleverness, your intellectual brilliancy, your technical achievements, even your good citizen-

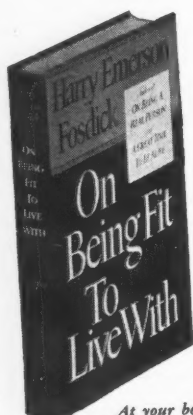
ship, your morality and your philanthropy will avail you nothing if you haven't first made your covenant before God and with God to confess His Name to man and to do His will."

As he races on with his fervent plea, sweat begins to stand out on his face and hands. He gestures violently, often coming to a climax with his whole body poised as a lion for a spring. Although stripped of coat and shirt to give him freedom of movement, he soon is dripping with perspiration. The words pour out of his mouth—and soul—in a perfect torrent. A manuscript is before him, but often he forgets it as, with eyes closed, he climbs a mountain peak of inspiration and hurls wide and far his thunderbolts of warning to a lost world.

It seems strange that a man alone in a small broadcasting booth should thus exhaust himself. There is no great audience before him to witness his gyrations and to get the thrill of a man letting himself go completely in terrific earnestness. He doesn't have the benefit of a sympathetic and applauding congregation to rouse him to heights of pulpit eloquence. Four walls encase him and there is only the little gadget called the "mike" in front of him.

But Dr. Maier sees far beyond that—he sees frustrated, confused, despairing,

(Continued on page 46)



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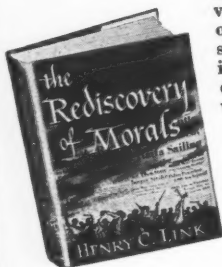
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author of *"The Return to Religion," "The Rediscovery of Man,"* etc.

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The NEW BOOKS

By

DANIEL A. POLING

ONE of the finest and most authentic novels that has appeared in a blue moon is *THE QUARRY*, by Mildred Walker. On these pages the rugged granite of Vermont comes alive in men and women and the beauty of the hills is on their faces. Lyman Converse lived his whole life save for a brief interlude at Brown University and one trip of agony to the Far West; lived his life and filled his days with "The Quarry." But his emotions, his thoughts and his deep love took him to the ends of the earth while his character was matured on the roads of home. One of the finest achievements in contemporary fiction is the development of a friendship between the principal character and the slave boy who entered his life, never to leave it. There is surpassing genius in the treatment of this relationship. The love story is exquisitely beautiful and without a false note to mar its symphony. Correspondence between Lyman Converse and the one who always signed herself "Faithfully your cousin Isabel," is romantic love with something added.

For *CHRISTIAN HERALD* readers there are a few words that might have been left out, but only a few. And though there were times when I held my breath, the publisher found no "pay dirt" here. One scene, when the old friends meet at the quarry's edge, and where the black man keeps the white man from suicide is an epic bit of writing. Here the sentences run in tides of elemental strength and the unseen beating of the human heart lifts the unspoken emotions of the frustrated human spirit into a literary achievement of great distinction.

LEO TOLSTOY, by Ernest J. Simmons, is a biography that will, I am sure, be ranked the greatest of its year and one of the greatest of a long generation. It is both factual and fictional—that is, it has the creative quality of distinguished fiction. The whole story is told with an interpretive pen that leaves with us the man himself alive and always marching. Tolstoy's intimacies are faithfully revealed but with understanding. Inevitably the book is a library and the reader's peace of mind is threatened—he feels bound to explore the materials from which the author has drawn. He is tempted to contribute time reserved for other important reading through continuing this monumental study.

Sad it is that the fluids of Tolstoy's

life should have been frozen against those who never ceased to love him though his love for them was dead. He had been a great lover but his capacity for the individual emotion had been diverted and at last his greatness was clouded by his mind's confusion. His last words were "Truth . . . I love much," and shortly before that, perhaps in delirium, the name of his wife was on his lips, "Oh, Sonya . . . Oh Sonya, much is falling. We have arranged badly." No priests were present at his funeral—the first public funeral in Russia without religious rites. But all knelt bareheaded and "Eternal Memory" was sung. Sonya stood there with her family. On the spot where they buried Tolstoy, the loved spot where he and his brother Nikolai had played together, is written the wonderful secret which Tolstoy believed would bring about a golden age on earth.

THE QUARRY, by Mildred Walker. (Harcourt, Brace, 407 pp., \$3.00)

LEO TOLSTOY, by Ernest J. Simmons. (Little, Brown, 790 pp., \$5.00)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

22 CELLS IN NUREMBURG, by Dr. Douglas M. Kelley. (Greenberg, 245 pp., \$3.00) This story of the Nazi criminals as written by the official United States psychiatrist who lived with them and who examined them under all conditions of their prison experience, is a deeply moving book. Also it has not one, but many warnings for America. Now we know that what happened there could happen here. These men have their counterparts in practically every state of the American union. Today some of them are preaching what Hitler first taught and then demonstrated. The foreword and introduction set the pattern which chapter by chapter unfolds. The environment was created by pan-Germanism and the incredible but comprehensive Nazi ideology. Character descriptions are presented in six divisions. Hess, Rosenberg and Goering are treated as "Policy Makers." Fritzsche, Von Schirach, Von Ribbentrop, Von Neurath and Von Papen as "The Salesmen." Jodl, Keitel, Doenitz, Raeder and Kaltenbrunner are "The Gunmen." "The Rabble Rousers" are Streicher and Ley. The hard-headed, heavy handed "Businessmen" are Frank, Schacht, Frick, Funk, Seyss-Inquart, Speer and Sauckel. As is fitting, Part Seven is devoted to the Fuehrer himself. The Hermann Goering chapter is particularly fine. The character of this monstrous man is even more elusive than that of Hitler. For the first time the complete story of his drug addiction is told.

The author's analytical mind and restrained pen, quite aside from his technical training, make his book convincing. When in his conclusion he writes, "I am convinced that there is little in America today which could prevent the establishment of a Nazi-like state," he lays himself out for smashing criticism but if he doesn't prove his case, he comes uncomfortably close to it! He leaves me definitely troubled and unhappy. He finds throughout the nation men like these whom Nuremburg convicted. He is absolutely sure that Nazi leaders were not

(Continued on page 51)

WITH HANDS UPLIFTED



By JOSEPH L. KNUTSON

Pastor, Bethesda Lutheran Church, Ames, Iowa

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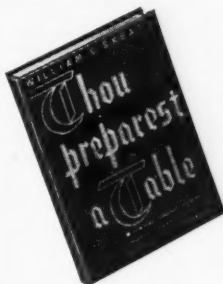
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(Continued from page 43)

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Louis for the training of ministers, and that runs around only \$4,000 a year. For all these years he has carried a full teaching course, in addition to his broadcast and editorship of the *Walther League Messenger*—although his health has compelled him to relinquish the latter and to take a year's leave from his professorship to give his all to broadcasting.

The full extent and variety of Dr. Maier's radio ministry can never be appreciated—but a glimpse of it can be gained when it is revealed that his message goes out over approximately 250 stations of the Mutual hook-up, and over another 250 independent stations in the United States, or a total of 500 outlets blanketing the nation. Then over 400 stations in near and far places carry the Gospel in a variety of tongues that remind one of Pentecost and the miraculous gift there bestowed on the disciples to proclaim the good news in many languages.

One need only list the countries in which radio outlets for Dr. Maier's great sermons exist, in order to provide a missionary thrill of vast proportions. Here are the nations and lands today getting the Maier sermons direct from their own radio stations: Alaska, Argentina, Australia, Bolivia, Brazil, British Guiana, British West Indies, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Dutch Guiana, Ecuador, Haiti, Hawaii, Honduras, Mexico, Mozambique, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Venezuela, Peru, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Uruguay. All carry the same radio messages in English, Spanish, and Portuguese. By short-wave and high-powered stations, the sermons are beamed to Germany, Russia, and other countries of Europe, and into China, India, Africa and other lands. Much of it is by recordings, and native interpreters are used to translate the messages into foreign tongues.

The actual operation of the Lutheran Hour is in the hands of a band of capable, devout and far-seeing lay leaders of the Lutheran denomination. Some are prominent in the business world, others are in high professional position, while many hold modest places, but all are animated by the common purpose of preaching the Gospel throughout the world. Direct control of the broadcast rests with the Lutheran Laymen's League Board of Governors, the executive committee and the operating committee. These Christian laymen insure both careful and efficient management. T. G. Eggers is executive secretary. The League's president is Alfred T. Wilson of Detroit. Headquarters are at 3558 South Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis.

Walter Maier is a shining example of the influence of a truly Christian home. He was born in 1893 in Boston, and his parents were devout Christians who prayed daily for and with their children. He received his early education at the

(Continued on page 54)

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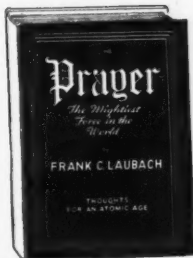
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The author and her two dogs outside the cabin in the British Columbia wilderness.

Driftwood Valley

By Theodora Stanwell-Fletcher

Into the wilds of British Columbia went Theodora Stanwell-Fletcher and her husband, to build a log cabin on the shore of Lake Tetana, thirty miles from the nearest Indian village, two hundred miles from the nearest road, railroad or telephone. There they spent two years as collectors of wild-life specimens for a Canadian museum, as adventurers in virgin forest, as lovers of God's out-of-doors. Their adventures are written down in a diary-form, fascinating book, "Driftwood Valley." We reproduce certain sections of this book, dealing mostly with animals they met in their wilderness. This material is used by special permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.



This country is supposed to be one of the few places left in North America where the timber wolf still exists in fair-sized numbers. When we ask the Indians about them they all say:

"By gosh, lots of wolf. Mebbe some day you see him, but not much I think. Wolf very wise, just like man. I think you neber see him in sticks (forest), only open country—sometimes."

They've told us various anecdotes which point to a remarkable intelligence on the part of the wolves. Their cleverness in avoiding traps, in hunting moose, how they follow human beings for miles, how they are able to distinguish an unarmed man from an armed one, in which case they are distinctly bolder, and so

on. Though the Indians respect the wolves, apparently they aren't much afraid of them. They can cite no cases of men having been attacked by wolves, although wolves sometimes kill their dogs.

As a matter of fact, we have been able to discover no authentic instances in British Columbia, or elsewhere in North America, of ordinary healthy wolves (there are rare reports of rabid individuals) having ever attacked man unless the wolves themselves were hopelessly trapped or cornered. Although they're primarily flesh eaters, wolves do not evidently like human flesh. Bodies of men who have died in the wilderness are cleaned invariably by maggots and various insects, not by wolves or coyotes.

Do wolves ever come around Tetana or the Driftwood, we asked? "Oh yes, lots, sometimes, pretty soon you see tracks, mebbe."

But it was not until a week ago that we found any fresh signs. Then, as we were taking a snowshoe ramble a quarter of a mile from the cabin, we came suddenly on new wolf tracks, so big that J., familiar with the smaller wolves of the Arctic, whistled loudly. The prints of a single foot measured five to six inches across. The tracks are more numerous now each day. Whether they're made by a few individuals hunting all over this territory, or whether they mean that the actual numbers of wolves are increasing, we have no means of telling. The snow, although much more solid than in December, is still so soft in most

places that their long legs sink far below the surface, and it must take considerable strength for them to plow their way through.

A mile and a half northeast of Tetana is Wolf Lake, newly christened by us because it appears to be a favorite haunt of the wolves. It is a deep, narrow little stretch of water, bordered east and west by high hills and cliffs. The hill on the west sticks up from the surrounding country like a giant camel hump, and is higher and more open than any other hill within miles. One of our favorite trails leads to the top, where we can look over the whole Driftwood Valley and view six great mountain ranges. The wolves come down the high lake bank on the northeast, making long wide slides in the snowdrifts; their tracks cross and recross the flat lake surface in every direction. They also frequently climb to our pet lookouts on the hill.

February 15

Last night we heard the love song of the wolf! There had been fresh snow followed by clear sky and a full brilliant moon. Our thermometer stood at 24 below. I proposed a snowshoe hike to Wolf Hill on the chance that we might be able to observe wolves down on the lake. J. scouted the notion of actually seeing them, but the night was so beautiful that he couldn't resist the idea any more than I could.



No fish story this! The author's husband smilingly holds the evidence of his prowess with the rod and reel.

We stepped out in a dazzling world. At least a foot of new powdery snow covered the firm six-foot snow level and made ideal snowshoeing. We traveled swiftly and silently through silver glens and black shadows. Our snowshoes kicked up feathery clouds that twinkled like quicksilver. Our breath froze over jackets and caps and hair so that we were dressed from head to toe in white crustals.

When we reached the top of Wolf Hill, all below us spread the Driftwood Valley, clear as noontime, lit by the moon for a hundred miles, still and primeval as in the days before the few men who know it now had ever seen it. Belts of dark forest were interspersed by willow swamps which, deeply buried, lay like open fields brushed with gold. To the south the mountains of Takla were faint blue in the distance. The jagged, tumbled Frypans jutted like silver spearheads into the deep amethyst, star-studded sky. The Driftwoods, our own mountains, lay serene and golden, so close that we could almost reach out and touch them. The glacial-covered range far behind to the west showed distinctly, and the Bear Lake Mountains stood sharp and shining all around the northern horizon. Finally we moved across to the east side where a rock precipice falls down to Wolf Lake, criss-crossed with fresh black tracks, and looked on the miles of forested hills that rise gradually to the rolling Ominecas.

Utter silence, deathlike hush over the land, and then, from somewhere below, came a sound that made our hearts stand still. Like a breath of wind, rising slowly, softly, clearly to a high, lovely note of sadness and longing; dying down on two distinct notes so low that our human ears could scarcely catch them. It rose and died, again and again. A wolf singing the beauty of the night, singing it as no human voice had ever done, calling on a mate to share the beauty of it with him, to come to him, to love him. Over and over it sang, so tenderly and exquisitely that it seemed as if the voice were calling to me and I could hardly keep from crying. The whole wilderness was musical with it. After an interval—I have no idea whether it was short or long—from far away across the eastern hills came a soft, distinct, answering call. Three times more the wolf below us sang and was answered. Gradually the other voice grew nearer and nearer, until we thought that the two must have come together, for the sudden quiet was not broken again.

Then I knew that I was shivering like a leaf and my arm, which J. had been grasping, was almost paralyzed.

J. was talking to himself and saying: "What luck! What marvelous luck! I've heard wolves howling in India and the Arctic, but I never heard the like of that! Let's go home—if we're not too cold to move."

On the west, Wolf Hill slopes steeply, almost perpendicularly, for several hundred feet, and is clear of trees. Spurred to recklessness by the height of our emotions, we did something that we've never dreamed of daring to do before. We sat on the crossed heels of our snowshoes and tobogganed down the icy slope at terrific speed. Powdered snow flew up in clouds and turned to rainbows where the moon shone through it. That we arrived, unscathed, in a drift below, in-



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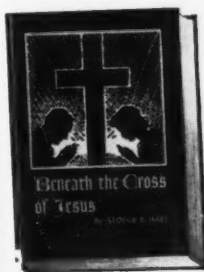
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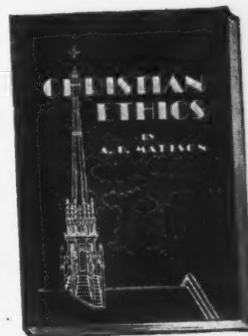
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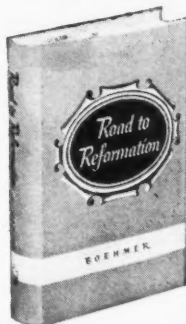
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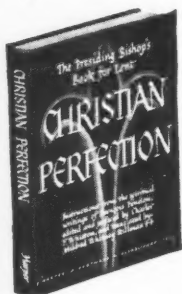
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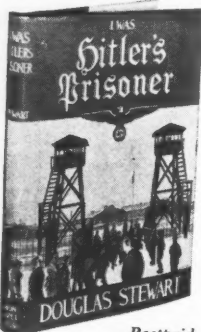
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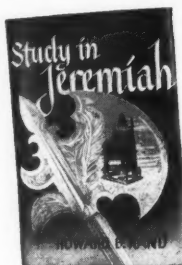
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stead of being smashed to bits against trees, was just a part of the magic of the night.

We reached the warm cabin after midnight, stoked up a roaring fire, and drank hot scalding cocoa. I hardly remember getting into bed and to sleep, but all night in my dreams I thought I could hear a wolf calling and singing and sobbing in a voice of exquisite tenderness.

* * *

February 21

J. finds the power and endurance of the wolves remarkable. Once, for twenty-seven miles, he followed the trail of two wolves. The bigger tracks, over the first fourteen miles, were obscured partly by the smaller ones. Then the larger wolf moved to one side, with no perceptible change in pace, and dropped behind the smaller one. The snow was some six feet deep and quite soft. The trail of the wolves was a shallow trough sixteen inches wide and a foot deep, with foot and leg tracks going still deeper. The leading wolf simply pushed its way through. After the change in leadership, there was a pause. Then they continued on their way. Two days later J. followed the same tracks for eight miles in the opposite direction, and there was no change in leadership, no sign of rest being taken, just the same deep furrow made in the snow by a powerful chest. The big wolf had apparently led for a total distance of twenty-two miles, breaking trail without a single stop.

J. has made one thorough attempt to trap a wolf here, in order to obtain a specimen for the museum. He hadn't much hope of success after what we've heard from the experienced Indian hunters, the most clever of whom are not able seemingly to catch wolves except on rather rare occasions. But last week he put a big number 3 steel trap on a point along the shore of Wolf Lake. J. set the trap with greatest care—he wouldn't let me come anywhere near that end of the lake. He wore gloves and concealed the trap with snow, and covered his own snowshoe prints completely as he back-tracked away. Late that afternoon there was a wind, very unusual here in winter, and when we went back to Wolf Lake next day J.'s tracks, and the trap set, and all human signs were completely obliterated by hard-blown snow. New wolf tracks, made in the night or early morning, were all across the lake, but for the first time they made a wide circle around their customary stopping place. Nor have they ever gone near the point since the trap was put there, though they continue to frequent Wolf Lake and Wolf Hill as much as ever.

I'm glad! It has made me sick to think of catching some wolf with a beautiful voice, perhaps the very one we listened to on that wonderful night. It made J. sick too, for he finally took up

(Continued on page 52)

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 45)

spectacular types—"personalities such as appear only once in a century." He tells us that they had three unremarkable characteristics in common—and the opportunity to seize power. You would do well I think to look into these characteristics and then help fortify America against the exploiters of racial and religious prejudices. Here is a timely, *must* book. It is almost a patriotic obligation to help give it universal attention.

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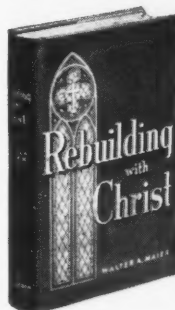
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DRIFTWOOD VALLEY

(Continued from page 50)

the trap and decided hereafter to obtain any necessary skins or skulls from the Indians.

February 24

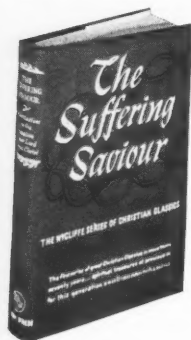
Presently we came to a small pond, less deeply snowed-over, where three otters had recently played. They must, as J. said, "have had a whale of a time!" The three of them, going side by side, two large and one smaller one, brothers and a sister perhaps, had started with a run and a jump, gathered their short little legs under them, and slid on their bellies over the surface, again and again, like human children. Each slide was anywhere from six to fourteen feet long. They had gone clean down the pond, which was about a third of a mile, then broken into gentle lopes, their oval feet placed in series of two's and four's, like a large mink; then their three tracks converged into one, which disappeared into the woods.

One could fairly see the whole thing; black impish eyes set in dark bewhiskered faces, under flat little ears and foreheads; slinky satin-brown bodies moving in lithe graceful curves launched themselves into the leap which ended in the long slide across the ice. Getting up to do it all over again and finally trotting gleefully off, red tongues hanging, pushing at each other in sheer healthy exuberance.

Many people seem to think that wild creatures lead a life which is largely a fearsome, bloody struggle for existence, but I know this isn't true. Much of an animal's time must be spent in the sheer joy of living, the sheer pleasure of physical sensations. Watch a bear basking on a rock in the warm sun of early spring; a moose plunging under cool water to rid its huge body of summer flies, and wallowing luxuriantly for an hour; baby foxes, ignorant of fear, playing hide-and-seek around a tree, and then coming out to somersault almost on one's feet; rabbits playing on a moonlit lawn in the dead of night. There is bound to be cruelty and pain in a world where every living thing depends for its existence on the life of something else, but it isn't a deliberate cruelty, and there is every chance for joy in between periods of danger.

These were the first signs we've seen of a real otter colony. Occasionally there have been tracks of otter along the river, but either this country doesn't suit them or else they have been depleted by extensive trapping. We have had some difficulty in obtaining otter skulls from the Indians for, even when they do have the heads, they are unwilling to part with them. Charlie's boys have given us several, after refusing to sell them. If they part with a head for profit there is grave danger that the spirit of the

(Continued on page 55)



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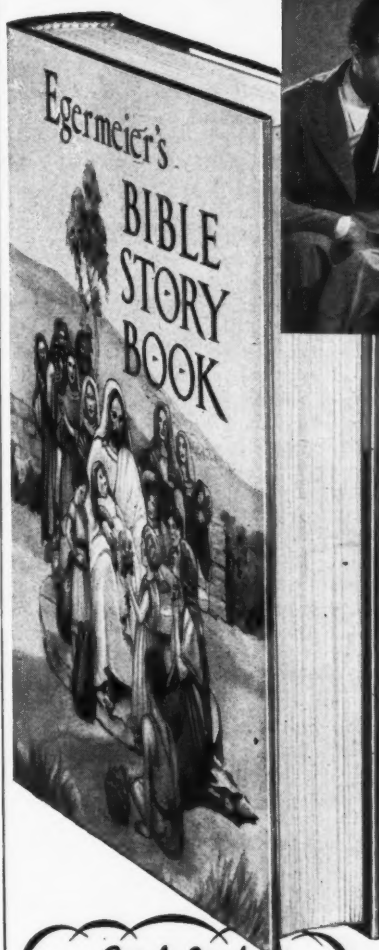
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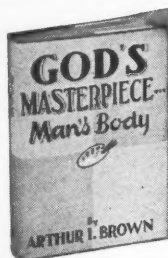
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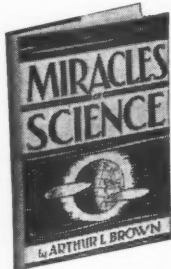
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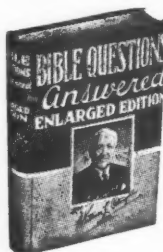
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(Continued from page 47)

historic Cotton Mather school in Boston. At 12 he was converted and dedicated his life to Christ. A professor's appeal for Christian workers at a youth institute influenced him to dedicate his life to the ministry. He worked his way through college, washing dishes to buy his books and pay his tuition. He attended Concordia Collegiate Institute in Boston at first, finally graduating at 19 years of age from Boston University. He paid his expenses at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis by doing mimeographing, and selling typewriters and books. He went on to Harvard, winning his Ph.D. degree in Semitic languages in 1929. He taught German, Greek, Arabic there.

While Dr. Maier's greatness as a preacher and evangelist overshadows all his other pursuits, he is preëminent in other fields, such as founding new parishes, in teaching with a vigor and eloquence that crowds his classrooms, in personal counselling, and in the writing of many books. A writer, as well as a prolific producer in these other fields? Exactly. To date, Dr. Maier has sixteen books to his credit, besides which he is the author of a Christian devotional calendar entitled "Day by Day With Jesus." Issued yearly, this calendar is the equivalent of a full-sized book, both in amount of text, in labor involved, and in the extensive information imparted. It carries two Scripture readings for each day, a separate text for each day and a 200-word exposition thereof, also a feature "This Day in History." This calendar has won wide acceptance.

A number of his books are compilations of his radio sermons, going into repeated editions, several of which have been exhausted. His last, entitled "Rebuilding with Christ," contains the remarkable post-war sermons preached during the 1945-46 broadcasting season, and warns the world that unless God be taken into the partnership of rebuilding it, all efforts are useless—"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." The book also carries many constructive suggestions, outlining a purposeful design for practical living. As one prominent evangelist puts it, "The volume has captured in all their heart-warming intensity the radio sermons of Dr. Maier, and they refresh jaded hearts, inspire tired souls and stir troubled minds."

Probably his best known and most widely circulated book is a 598-page treatise on marriage entitled "For Better, Not For Worse." He gives a frank, complete and Biblical discussion of the problems of courtship, marriage and the Christian home. In it he calls a spade a spade. He does not hedge or compromise with superficial niceties in discussion of modern paganism that glorifies infidelity and its accompanying dog-kennel morals, that belittles marriage, chastity and de-

cency, and places a premium on sexual promiscuity and license.

He thunders a terrible warning against those who ignore, ridicule and defy the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." He points out that Christian marriage and home life are the only guarantees of the integrity of a nation, and that if America follows the pattern of twenty-two other recorded civilizations which have gone from ease and indulgence to moral decay, licentiousness and finally death, it will some day lie deep under the sand and dust of history and will only be of interest as a field of archaeological research. This book is rated one of the truly great, as well as timely and authoritative, presentations of the pattern of enduring and happy marriage.

As if all this were not enough for ten or one hundred men to do, Dr. Maier is engaged in one of the most exhaustive theological tasks of the generation, namely a commentary on the Prophet Nahum. It has been under way for more than a decade and is now in production. It promises to be the most comprehensive and authoritative interpretation ever prepared on this relatively little known book of Scripture. Dr. Maier, who devotes a large amount of time and energy to scholarly research in the field of the Old Testament, does much of his research in the ancient languages.

Extremely versatile, Dr. Maier can go from his library, after hours of intensive research in Semitic languages, to the humblest slum home and pray there for the salvation of those living in squalor and depravity. He has taken time off from his manifold duties to found new churches and to build up old ones, to tour the largest cities and there address congregations ranging up to 25,000 in a single auditorium. He spends hours in preparation for his weekly sermon that brings letters to him from the disconsolate and underprivileged, from heart-troubled dwellers in mansions, from lighthouse keepers, governors, murderers in prison, would-be suicides, discontented rich, and from saints and sinners the world over.

Yet Dr. Maier is not too busy to live. He reminds one much of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek who, although he carries much of the burden of the world on his shoulders, finds time to read his Bible and pray at least an hour daily, and recently to complete a translation of the New Testament into Chinese. Dr. Maier, carrying a similarly impossible burden, maintains a splendid Christian home, which radiates hospitality and good cheer. His loyal helpmeet, a former Indianapolis schoolteacher, not only maintains a radiant household, but also aids her husband in the preparation of his manuscripts. One son is in seminary preparing for the ministry, the other is in high school. Daily devotions mark the Maier home, and "All Glory to God" is the family motto.

(Continued from page 52)

departed otter will possess their mother and cause her to go insane!

April 11

Last night was warm and still, with a gentle fine misty rain. The partly full moon shone with a watery light. Just as we were going to sleep, around eleven, we were surrounded suddenly by the music of trumpets, deep and sweet and melodious. We almost fell from our beds, and when we hung out the window, there in the shining silver mist were four great, white, graceful swans, long necks and huge wings lit by the moon. They were slowly circling our cabin and the pool. Now they were out above the water, now low close over our roof. In bare feet we padded from window to window, hugging little Rex, who was rumbling in his throat at this new sound. The swans almost decided to land. Perhaps the area of open water is too small, perhaps the cabin frightened them, for, after some little time, they floated like small white angels up into the northern sky, rising ever higher and farther till they had disappeared. Then came more trumpeting high up, and we saw the tail end of a "V" formation of a dozen swans flying northwest. Long after they had all melted into the white misty night we could hear the fairylike horns and trumpets receding into the distance.

May 20

The other day, in the pine grove near the cabin, I met a Franklin's grouse. Instead of flying off with the usual whirl and cackle, he began to advance across the soft green mosses straight toward me—in fact right to my feet. And then he started the most magnificent courtship performance exactly two feet away. I could have leaned down and picked him up any time. He dragged his wings, spread his tail, and puffed out the bright scarlet combs over the eyes till they stood out in arcs. He pirouetted and did little demure dancing steps. And all the while the black and brown feathers on his throat and hind neck were puffed into downy balls and he was quivering and shaking and whirring in the grip of a most ardent passion. Spellbound, I watched all this for ten minutes by my watch. And finally, his ardor subsided and he stood still.

"Thank you," I cried; "that was wonderful!"

The sound of my voice reminded him suddenly that I was a lady human and not a lady grouse, a fact which, in the ecstasy of his performance, he'd apparently entirely forgotten. With a highly indignant "Tut, tut, tut, tut," he was away in a moment. A short distance off I discovered the real object of his affections high up in a young poplar tree. It was a brown female, huddled close to the trunk, and she eyed me very coldly!



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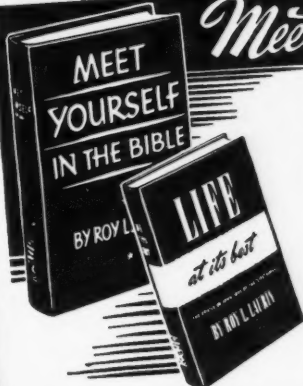
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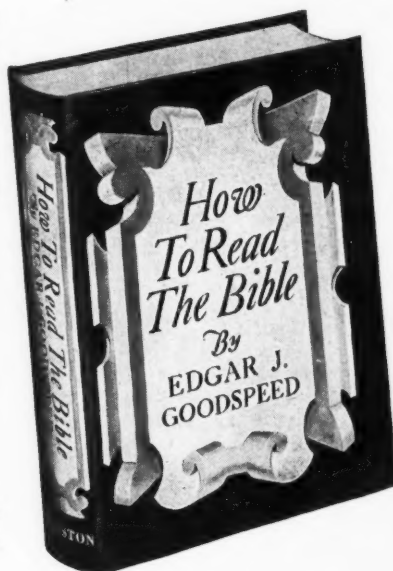


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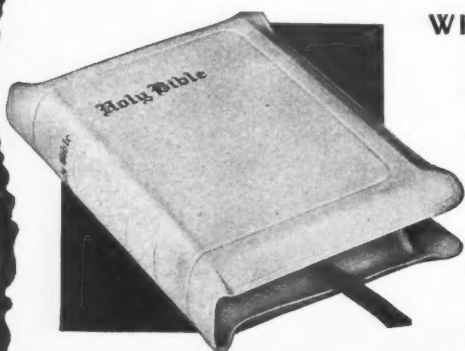
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By Amos John Traver



MAR. 2 THE DRAWING POWER OF CHRIST
JOHN 12:12-16, 20-32

JESUS was magnetic. Crowds thronged around Him wherever He went. They came with many motives. Like the crowds that gather today, many were curious. Some were seeking excitement. Some were not certain about Him and wondered whether He might be the Messiah. Some hoped for healing. A few believed. Always present were the spies of the Jewish leaders, seeking to discredit Him or to catch Him in some indiscretion that would be evidence against Him before the Roman courts.

Passover crowds were gathered in Jerusalem on that first Palm Sunday. Rumor spread among them that Jesus was coming into the city along the Bethany road. No doubt disciples of Jesus did their part in whetting the interest of the people. Certainly Judas would feel this a great opportunity for Jesus, and others close to Jesus would do their part in stirring the crowd. Jesus seemed to fall in with their plan and rode on an ass as a king might ride in triumph. He consciously fulfilled the prophecy in Zechariah 9:9, an accepted prophecy of the Messiah. He gave His people the opportunity to acclaim Him their King.

So wide was the reputation of Jesus that even Greeks wanted to meet Him. John places this story immediately following the triumphal entry to show how universally Jesus was the center of interest. The final act in the drama of Jesus' life was to be staged in the open. The challenge of its meaning was to come to all, without regard to race, nationality, class or creed. No man can escape the question, "What will you do with this man, Jesus?"

MULTITUDES have admired Jesus from that day to this. "Never man so spake," is the testimony of the ages. They have wondered at His courage, at His simple devotion to truth as He saw it, at His constant sense of God's presence and vital application of religion to every type of life situation. He has drawn men to Him in admiration, but admiration is not enough. As Liddon says: "To admire God involves an irreverence equal only to the impiety of adoring a fellow creature." The shouting, palm-waving crowds on Palm Sunday and the delegation of

Greeks are one with the multitudes who have thought to flatter Jesus with their attentions. He was never fooled by thronging crowds. He draws all men with a universal love, but the very drawing becomes a selective process as the magnet sifts the iron from the brass.

Not the teacher of the only valid personal and social ethics, but the crucified Christ, is the true center of all time. "He is the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy. He lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges and turned the stream of the centuries into new channels." So wrote Jean Paul Richter.

Admiration and all the lesser motives for coming to Him, must grow into love and adoration. He must ride in triumph into men's hearts before the way of life He taught can unite the world in peace and brotherhood. The world needs a Saviour before it is ready for a King or for His Kingdom.

Questions:

What evidences do you find today for increasing admiration of Jesus in sociology, education, science, art? What are its values and its limitations?

List the motives of those who came to Jesus in the Gospel story. What is the one saving motive? Can it be supplied without the "uplifted Christ?"

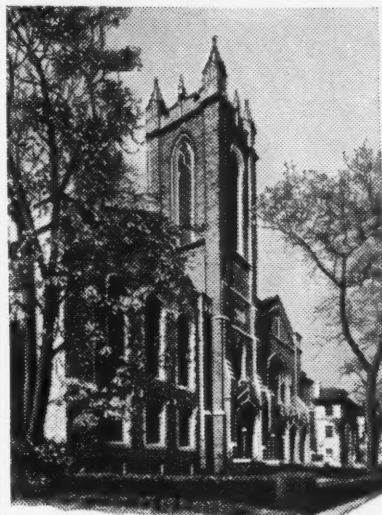
MAR. 9 AN EXAMPLE IN HUMILITY
JOHN 13:3-15, 34-35

HOW the disciples of Jesus must have tried His patience! Gathered for the Passover, the last they were to eat with Him, they were not thinking of Him, or of the danger they must have known to be growing for Him. What high and holy conversation we associate with this first Lord's Supper! Yet John tells us that there was contention among them. They were concerned with their rewards, their positions in the Kingdom Jesus was founding. How it shames us even to look in upon such a scene!

Pride is a subtle and terrible sin. It is to be found in these lowly peasants just as surely as in the hearts of the rich and well-born. The Gospel writers have not hidden it. It shows itself in many pages of their record. The same contention is revealed in Luke 9:46-48. There Jesus set a child among them and said, "He that is least among you shall

(Continued on page 60)

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Tea-Time CHAT

By

MARTHA
TODD

OLD clothes men? Out of date! Why, the ladies have put them out of business! At least that's the conclusion I've come to recently. I can't believe that the men we used to see driving a horse and wagon, going through the streets calling "Old clothes. Rags," are practically out of business. Just the other afternoon, my neighbor in the back, Sarah Miller, was in to spend the afternoon and she brought with her a great bag of old clothes—not to mend, to cut up! She has turned to a new hobby since all her war activities are over, and she is enthusiastic about it. It's hooking rugs!

I certainly felt a pang of jealousy when she described the rug she was making . . . just the colors and pattern that I have been wanting for my living room. Of course the thing that impressed me most was the practicality of the hobby



This rich-looking luncheon set was made with a crochet needle.



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—you have something so useful when it is finished. And what's more, Sarah has designed her own pattern because she enjoys doing that sort of thing. Besides it's much cheaper than buying a new rug. But being her first attempt at rugmaking, she told me that it was going to be a very simple design of three light and dark oak leaves on mottled silver gray, and around it all a solid brown border.

Naturally I was all for getting as many details as I could. Where she got her materials, what fabric could be used, how did she manage to get the shades she wanted, and lots of other questions. And here's what she said: Any old dresses, suits, curtains, tablecloths, feedbags, stockings, well, just anything can be used for hooked rugs. You have to be careful not to combine heavy and light weight fabrics in the same rug, and it's better to make wool and wool-like rayon fabrics into one rug, with cotton and cotton-like rayons in the other. And as for getting the rich, lovely shades, one of the all-purpose dyes that works on both natural and synthetic materials is the answer.

Furthermore, the materials used in hooking rugs . . . the equipment, is so simple and inexpensive. A piece of burlap for the backing, a wooden frame to stretch it on and a hooking needle, are all you need . . . plus of course the rags.

But maybe you are one of those people

who finds herself depleted of materials that can be used, what with all these clothing drives. But perhaps you consider yourself more of an artist with the crochet needle rather than a hooking needle. A White Numdah is a lovely rug that you can make for yourself at a very reasonable cost. These hand-crocheted rugs are lovely for bedrooms, or in front of your fireplace . . . and with these I can give you much more practical help! You can have the pattern plus all the instructions for 10 cents just by writing to me at CHRISTIAN HERALD. Address your envelopes: Martha Todd, care of Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., and enclose a dime. I am able to offer this because of the generosity of the American Thread Company who are making this service available to you.

And the same offer goes for the other designs shown here. The beautiful luncheon set is another item for you crotcheters, or if you are given to clicking the ivory needles, then perhaps this couch throw strikes your fancy, and for me, that's the one I am anxious to try my hand at. So come one, come all, and send in your requests, and have yourself a time creating beauties with your hands.

But the oldsters like us, aren't the only ones who are turning to handwork! Just wait until you read what follows before you ever again exclaim—"This younger generation!" How many times

have you shaken your head dubiously and uttered that phrase? Well, here's something that will warm your heart and replace your faith. Did you hear about the Clothing Achievement Awards made at the 27th Anniversary National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago? Twelve scholarship awards were presented to twelve girls chosen from among 750,000 4-H club members engaged in clothing projects. These girls received \$200 scholarships plus an educational trip to, the 4-H Congress and a week's entertainment in Chicago. (Now if you've been trying to interest your daughter in sewing, show her this article or have her join a 4-H club—or both!) The awards were presented by the Educational Bureau of the Spool Cotton Company. The winners were selected on the basis of exceptional record books in which the girls included all the sewing achievements from the time they sewed their first stitch right up to the time they became eligible for contest honors. Here's a typical story about one of the winners and you can judge for yourself as to the stuff this younger generation is made of!

A Georgia girl, 16-year-old Ida May Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hayes of Albany, Ga., surpassed the other winners by having completed 62 projects in 14 different subjects within the course of six years. She's so intent upon sewing she takes a double portion of it, in school as well as in 4-H. And in her six years, she has produced 394 garments or other sewn articles, valued at \$1,182. By September 1, last year's output was 100 garments, including a dress which took first honors at the county style revue. Most of the clothes were for the Hayes family, but she has made \$30 this past year by sewing for others. New curtains, slipcovers and pillow covers in the Hayes living room are further products of her busy needle.

But save your amazement until you hear this. Since 1941 Ida May has gardened a total of 12½ acres, preserved 1055 quarts of food, devoted 510 hours to home management and 385 hours to child care, spent 358 hours improving her home grounds, made 290 articles of home industry and 145 articles for her build-something project. In addition, she is a 4-H county champion yeast bread maker and president of the Albany High School 4-H Club. Somehow she finds time to do a large part of the family cooking and housework as well. This industry, which would floor most of us, leaves her in perfect health.

Instead of shirking responsibility, Ida May regards them all as experiences which will be valuable to her later on when she hopes to be a county demonstration agent and a homemaker. But then, there are so many things she wants to do. "I like making clothes so much," she writes, "that I wonder if I could ever be a clothing designer. While doing beautification, I feel sure I want to be an interior decorator." Her home

demonstration agent says she is capable of success in many fields.

Already she has succeeded in teaching. When her teacher was away once last year, Ida May took over the class. "Many of the girls were as old as I was, and at first I didn't think I could help them, but we got along fine."

My hat's certainly off to this younger generation . . . for that story was just one of the many which came out of the 4-H Club Congress. Why, with this evident ingenuity and perseverance, there's no telling what great things those young "doubtfuls" (in some of our minds) will accomplish. However, the responsibility rests with us as adults to provide the kind of leadership and develop the Christian foundations which will guide the abilities and direct the energies of our young people. We must keep ever in our minds that if we, as a church, would attract our young people and help them to grow into its life, we must make our programs challenging. In our day when so many high-pressure organizations are bidding for the time and attention of our youth, it places the problem right on the doorstep of each one of us.

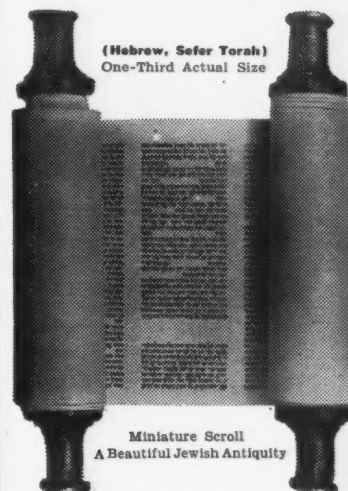
Because of the tremendous responsibility which is ours, I'd like to make a request of you. Any of you who have effective programs for young people, will you take the time to sit down and outline the programs for us, so that those of us who are looking for new ideas, may benefit from your successes? For this, I do not mean to overlook the social element, because we know that that is important, and has a definite place, but my concern here is concrete program material, the heart of your program, which after all is the incentive that brings young people out. So if you'll just take a little time to write this up, you'll be doing a great service to many, many others who are on the lookout for just such material.



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 57)

be greatest." In *Matthew 20:28*, the mother of James and John voiced the ambitions of her sons for preference. The anger of the rest of the twelve was not so much at the unholy ambition of the brothers as that they were stealing the march on them. Again Jesus said, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

Whole sections of Jesus' public teaching were devoted to the same theme. Yet His nearest friends could desecrate the Passover feast with a quarrel over precedence. Self-interest is a mighty force, it invades the most holy places.

There was no servant to wash the feet of the disciples. Sandled feet treading dusty roads demanded washing. It seems that Jesus waited, watching the disciples and hoping that one of them might play the servant. Then the contention arose over position in the coming Kingdom. The opportunity for a lesson they would never forget was at hand. Taking a towel and bowl He knelt before each disciple and we may be sure that when He was done, their feet would be thoroughly cleansed.

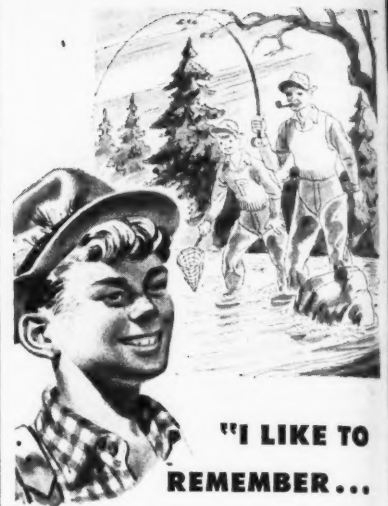
PETER, as usual, spoke up. "You will never wash my feet, never!" Jesus answered, "Unless I wash you, you cannot share my lot." Then Peter went to the other extreme and wanted to be washed all over. But Jesus was mainly concerned with His lesson in humility and continued His slave's task. No one in that room doubted His position as greatest of all. To the day of their death they would remember Jesus, God's son, kneeling before them with towel and bowl. Yes, and they would not forget that Jesus did not exclude Judas, soon to be His betrayer. To be like Jesus is to be humble.

Christians are peculiar people in a world where precedence and position are the marks of success. Recently we saw a billboard advertising a business school. It pictured steps and a young man climbing them. It carried the message, "Climb to success." Interviews with thousands of college students showed that the great majority wanted an education because it would equip them to get ahead in the world. Often this urge for climbing leads to a heartless competition. Indeed the whole ugly picture of national and racial ambitions can be traced to the same root-sin—self-interest.

Too often Christians are not peculiar in such a world. Like the disciples they seek preferment. Even in the Church they demand recognition. Jesus knew that only humble men could win the world for Him; only men who made Him their first interest; only men who served others in His Name. When love rules, self-interest dies.

Questions:

What has pride to do with the "hurt



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" . . . those golden days when, as a freckled faced kid, I went fishing with Dad. His patient, gentle words of instruction, his wise philosophy and kindly humor . . . the periods of excitement and reverie during our long hours together . . . all served to strengthen between us the natural bonds of love and affection. With me those bonds will always remain.

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feelings" that are made the excuse for dropping out of some type of church work?

What is wrong with this picture? "With all the success that has come to me, I am thankful that I have kept that childlike humility which is characteristic of all truly great men."

MAR. 16 **INTIMATE FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST**
JOHN 14:1-6, 12-18; 15:1-6

"I SHOULD like to have been with Him then." Who has not echoed that desire? It was a high privilege enjoyed by the twelve. They walked and talked with Jesus up and down the lanes of Palestine. They ate with Him, slept with Him, lived in His presence. Prayer was no problem with them, for they could tell Him, person to person, their love for Him and could bring to Him every troubling question. Power to help them be their best always flowed out of Him. Sometimes He shamed them, sometimes He praised them. No wonder these simple, normal peasants were transformed into the founding saints of the Kingdom.

When Jesus would still their fears of death, He pictured heaven as "where I am." These were parting words with them and death was to come between them. The Father's house with rooms for all offered glorious prospects to the believer.

Jesus did not fear the sentimentality that some of our present-day Christians fear. He centered faith in Himself. He enshrined God in human personality and the love of God offered itself to men through Him. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." His human friendships were the channel for God to express His love for men. "What a Friend we have in Jesus," is a sound, practical creed. As Jesus placed His arm around the shoulders of His disciples, or John rested on His breast, it was the gesture of God Himself. All that Jesus could mean to His disciples, God can mean to you.

WE HAVE an even more intimate fellowship with Jesus Christ than the apostles could enjoy. Remember what Jesus said to Thomas (John 20:29): "You believe because you have seen me? Blessed be those who believe though they have never seen me." (Moffatt) It is difficult really to believe this. Yet it is true. Greater works, greater faith, more meaningful prayer, greater joy, all these are ours, if we will.

We may be as intimate to Jesus as the branches are to the vine. Jesus in the flesh must always be outside His disciples. The Christ who offers Himself to us will dwell in our hearts. He becomes the inner source of health of spirit. He nourishes us, empowers us to bear the fruits of Christian living. He is more than the way we should live. Certainly He is that. He is more than



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truth. Certainly to think as Jesus thought is to think the truth. He is life. He not only shows us how to live and teaches us the truth about life, but with forgiving, patient love He gives us strength, the resources, the life, which we desperately need. "Of ourselves we can do nothing." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

How can we find Christ as the Friend for daily companionship? We learn to know Him through the Gospels, through the prayer, praise and thanksgiving of the services of His house and the worship of our personal and home life, through the experience of repentance and forgiveness, through the fellowship of Christians and through all the means provided by His grace. We need to practice His presence. This gives vitality to every act of worship and service. He is here, closer than hands and feet. When we begin to live with a constant sense of His loving presence, those who know us best will say, "He has been with Jesus and learned of Him."

Questions:

How does the realized presence of Jesus add meaning to prayer, to worship, to social service, to meeting temptation and trouble?

What does friendship mean in life? List the contributions it makes. Does a sense of fellowship with Christ make these same additions to your life?

MAR. 23 **PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD**
JOHN 17:1-11, 20-23

THE recent lessons from John's Gospel are the more precious to us because they are last words. Jesus knew the terrible confusion in the hearts of His disciples that was to follow His death. He also knew that His sole dependence for the success of His mission would rest on His disciples. It was the divine plan that men should channel the Gospel to the world. He had concentrated His ministry upon a chosen few. He had done all He could to prepare them. No wonder that, on the eve of His crucifixion, He should center His prayer on them. It is the most beautiful and the most touching prayer ever uttered.

He has done His part. That is one key to praying for others. He has taught them to believe in the Father because they believe in Him. "They are now sure that I came from thee, and they believe that thou didst send me." (Moffatt)

It does little good to pray for the salvation of our neighbors when we have made no attempt to "Tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Prayer will not feed and clothe the destitute of Europe or Asia, when we have done nothing for them.

Jesus provided a special relationship for His disciples with God. All men are children of God by creation, but it is

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Jesus who put real meaning into the Fatherhood of God. The world is a place of divisions, of contentions, of wars and rumors of wars. In that world Jesus' disciples must live, but not as the world lives. He prays that they may be one, unified in Him, as intimately united to each other as He is to His Father. It is a tie of trust and love, not of any human inheritance. It goes far beyond any blood relationship.

HIS PRAYER goes on to the people of the world. He prays that they too may find unity with each other and with God in Him. There is no other hope for One World. As men draw near to Christ they must draw near to each other. Here is the unity that will solve the problems of class and race and nationality. It will also conquer those forces that divide neighbor from neighbor, that break families, and that war within our own souls.

"That they may be made perfectly one," (Moffatt) is the heart of this prayer. What about our divided Church? Certainly denominational rivalries bring shame upon the Church. Competition may be the life of trade, but it is the death of the Church. Denominations, so far as they represent witness to faith, have their place. The unity for which Christ prayed is not accomplished by forms of organization. To be one with Christ, tied to Him in love and loyalty, inevitably draws Christians together. When the inner unity is accomplished, union will follow. Our present task is to learn how to understand each other better and to work with each other.

To pray for others, even our enemies, is a Christian privilege. It channels God's blessing upon them. It also commits us to do our part in securing neighborly relations. The surest hope of Christian unity would be to hear this prayer arise from every church, every Sunday: "That we all may be one in Christ." And the hope of the world would be brighter if we would all pray more earnestly "that the world may believe." The prayer of Christ for Christian unity must be our prayer and our program.

Questions:

How do the churches of your community cooperate? Discuss councils of churches in communities, states, nations and the world. Define ecumenical Christianity.

Pastor Martin Niemoeller has been lecturing in America. From news reports of his addresses or other sources, give his views on Christian unity and the reasons for them.

MAR. 30 OUR CRUCIFIED KING
JOHN 18:37-38; 19:10-16, 25-30

DON'T be too hard on Pilate. In him and his compromises and evasions we see ourselves. He had no other light than his pagan conscience. He should have

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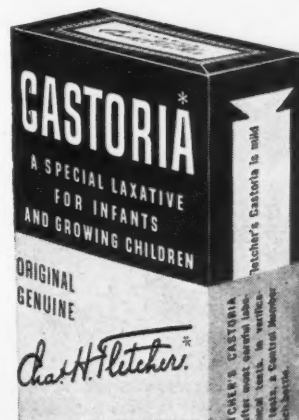
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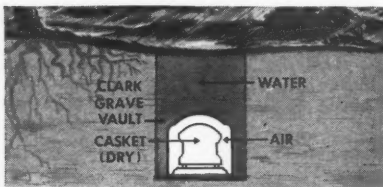
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been true to it, but he was part of a world that believed the first duty was self-preservation. He might have followed his conscience if it had not demanded a price. The political pressure of the Jewish leaders was terrific. In their final capitulation to Rome—"We have no king but Caesar"—Pilate's resistance crumbled. It will always be "Christ or Caesar." If it is not "Christ," it must be "Caesar." We are always making Pilate's decision.

It is a relief to turn from Pilate and the priests to Mary and John. Only love will pay the price of being near to the Cross. Only love holds when all else fails. Even understanding of the Cross was not present, but love for the One who was dying remained. It was dangerous to be known as His friend, but love defies danger. Who can fathom all the mystery of that Cross? It will always be foolishness and a stumbling block to many. The greatest theologians cannot express all its meaning. But the love of Christ will keep our faith alive. Where our little minds fail, faith will see in the crucified Christ our one hope of life eternal.

A new tie binds John and Mary. It is the same tie that Jesus prayed about in the Garden. They became one in their common love for Christ. Here by the Cross is the first demonstration of the way to Christian unity.

READ, ONCE MORE the seven words from the Cross. (Luke 23:34; Luke 23:42, 43; John 19:26, 27; Matthew 27:45, 46; John 19:28, 29; John 19:30; Luke 23:46.) Three are from John 19. The fifth word reveals the true humanity of Jesus. It was no sham suffering on the Cross. The awful thirst of death was on His lips. Jesus was one with every suffering soul, avoiding none of the pangs that all must endure. Yet there was a difference, noted by one of the dying thieves. He did not deserve death. Somehow He was dying for our sins. They are real sins and it was a real death. John, standing near the Cross, could testify to that.

"It is finished." That was a declaration of victory. All that Jesus had come to do for us was accomplished. He had given us a perfect pattern for living. He had introduced a new principle into life: "Not to be served but to serve." There was no fault in Him. Now the last task was done. He was "shedding His blood for the remission of sins." It was all over now but the joy of victory. Sin and death had found their match. He had turned the Cross into a throne. The grave could have no hold on Him.

Christ on the Cross is making a demand across the ages. We cannot avoid a decision. We accept Him and His grace, or reject Him. "Just a little nod toward the picture of Caesar, and we will let you live." That was the tempting offer to a Roman maiden in the days of the persecutions. In the flames of

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martyrdom she gave her answer. Countless thousands in our times made the same answer to temptation. I have often wondered whether I would have stood the test. There is no compromise before the Cross.

Questions:

Note all the injustices done Jesus in His trials and crucifixion. Someone has written on "The Lynching of Jesus." Is that an appropriate title?

Do we idealize the Cross too much? Have we lost the reality of "The Old Rugged Cross?" Discuss.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 40)

THURS.
MAR. 13

READ MATT. 11:25

I, FOR one, am willing to say that, in the mood of this text, I am grateful to our Heavenly Father for the things He conceals from us as well as for the immortal things He reveals to us. Religion is, after all, a thing of beautiful mystery and mysticism.

Dear Father of all mysteries in religion; and for all wonders, we thank Thee that Thou hast revealed as much and more than Thou hast concealed; and that Thou has much beauty and love still for us to see. Amen.

FRI.
MAR. 14

READ LUKE 10:38

I THINK that I know how Martha must have felt when she received Jesus into her house. She must have felt as the poet felt: "I knew when Thou didst enter in the room; I felt a keener silence than before. I would have seen Thee in the mystic gloom, had I but raised my eyes a little more. I knew that Thou hadst left the weary street, to honor me by staying as my guest, to rest awhile Thy weary aching feet, and, in Thy coming, to give me mental rest. I marked Thy breathing, quiet though the sound; Thy presence grew until I heard Thee move; I felt Thy hands upon me and I found, I had no fears, but only perfect love. I did not meet Thine eyes when Thou didst go; I could not speak because I loved Thee so."

Dear God of all souls, all homes and lonely hearts, we invite Thee to be our guest this day and to enter into our hearts for the doors of our homes and hearts are wide open to Thee. Amen.

SAT.
MAR. 15

READ GEN. 39:2

"AND the Lord was with Joseph." So is He with us as we worship. That is His promise: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." Of that we may be certain; when we gather for these

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daily meditations around this earth, God is there to bless. We have a right, in the light of this text, to "Look upon every day as the whole of life, and not merely as a section; and to enjoy and improve the present without wishing, through haste, to rush on to another day," as Richter so beautifully put it. Those two sayings, from *Genesis* and Richter, belong together in our meditation this morning.

Dear Father of all high and holy moments such as this one, and of all calm and serene souls, we thank Thee that, just as Thou wast with Joseph, so shalt Thou be with us this day. Amen.

SUN. MAR. 16 READ TITUS 2:13

"LOOKING for that blessed hope," is a helpful, heartening, and an inspiring text. Emerson recognized its truth when he said so succinctly: "One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour." Yes, Emerson was right, but the text is even more eternal than Emerson for, even in the most crucial and critical hour of life we still have a right to be "looking for that blessed hope." George Eliot once said: "The present moment is all that we can call our own for works of mercy, of righteous dealing, and of family tenderness." Yes, but when we make a mistake today, we can still be "looking for that blessed hope."

Dear God of all past, present and future time; we thank Thee that we still have a chance to correct the mistakes of the past and to do better this day and tomorrow; for Thou art the God of all time and eternity. Amen.

MON. MAR. 17 READ PHIL. 3:13-15

YES, read that glorious Scripture lesson and then read Longfellow's:

*Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
Then ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.*

Add to that, my favorite saying: "I believe that today is better than yesterday and that tomorrow shall be better than today!" That I verily believe because I am a Christian and I live in the spirit of the Scripture reading for this day—and, for that matter, all days.

Dear God of all yesterdays and tomorrows; we thank Thee that we have a long and glorious way to go down the highways of eternity, but that Thou art always with us and shall be always; so we walk in faith and hope, forgetting those things which are behind, and pressing on. Amen.

TUES. MAR. 18 READ JOHN 1:39

IF WE "Abide with Him" we shall soon learn to "Extol the spirit's splendor" as

FREEDOM

is non-partisan

A minister in New Jersey wrote "Your crusade may be twelve years old, but I suppose it will wind up now that the Republicans are in power."

The election didn't restore and safeguard Freedom for America. It terminated some trends which were destroying it and gave the other Party an opportunity to prove whether it will really champion Freedom—even when it is unpopular, costly of votes and restrictive of patronage.

But habits created under governmental paternalism are still part of our people. The fight for Capital "T" Freedom continues—and the most important battles are in the future, not the past.

The rank and file citizenry in other nations have been betrayed by those who have promised them security, taken their freedom in payment and delivered NOTHING except enslavement.

We common people in America do not propose to be betrayed. We shall not yield our constitutional government, our states rights, our due processes of law, our concept of private property and our belief in the sovereignty of the citizen, rather than the state. Collective security has no meaning if in application it fails to insure individual security.

No bigwigs in Washington, Wall Street, Moscow, or anywhere else shall take away the Godgiven rights which we common people have as children of God—not without the sort of fine, unyielding opposition by the Clergy that took Niemöller through eight years imprisonment as Hitler's personal prisoner.

The clergy of America must get their arduous up. Freedom is still in peril, all over the world. This has been a Freedom-abandoning age. It is the responsibility of ministers of churches to speak courageously and turn this tide. They can and are doing so by exerting their community-wide influences of helpfulness—on behalf of Freedom, spiritual Freedom, non-partisan Freedom.

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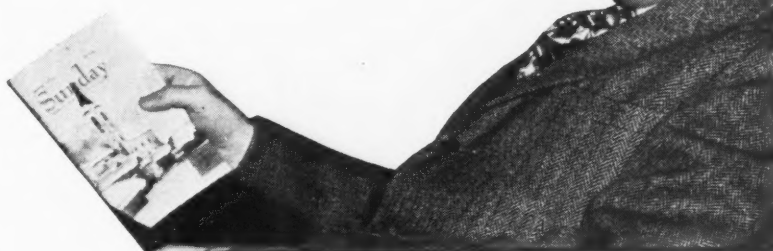
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Catherine Clindeinst sings in a verse called "Speak No Embargo on the Winged Intent": "Speak no embargo on the winged intent, neither declare the depths of being closed, nor the strong currents of replenishment denied to any. Extol the spirit's splendor and make plain the spoken dream, the hope articulate of everlasting spring. These things remain; the fire that lives in man, inviolate; the thrush that sings at day-break even now; the Sabbath lake; the pussywillow bough."

Dear Christ of Nazareth and of our hearts, we thank Thee that we may "abide" with Thee, not only in these meditation hours, but also through all the hours of this day, and, abiding with Thee, discover that there are no limitations to our "winged intent." Amen.

WED.
MAR. 19

READ ACTS 27:29

"THEY cast anchors and wished for the day." This is an echo of an poignant Old Testament cry: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say unto you, more than they that watch for the morning." In these two wistful verses we have a picture of early dawn, where sailors and soldiers are waiting, watching wistfully for sunrise and for God. It is the same spirit that is found in the old Civil War camp song, "Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp ground. Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, waiting for the war to cease." Here are the wistful hungers of souls for the dawn to come, for the end of war, for the coming of God into human hearts. That is the spirit of these morning watches we keep in these meditations.

Dear God of all dawns, and of all wistful waitings, we thank Thee that Thou wilt not disappoint us; and that we who wait and watch shall find Thee in Thy good time and place. Amen.

THURS.
MAR. 20

READ REV. 3:15, 20

"BEHOLD I stand at the door and knock." "Begin the day with God, kneel down to Him in prayer, lift up thine heart to His abode, and seek His love to share. Open the Book of God, and read a portion there, that it may hallow all thy thoughts, and sweeten all thy care. Go through the day with God, whatever thy work may be; wherever thou art, at home, abroad, He still is near to thee. Converse in mind with God, thy spirit Heavenward raise, acknowledge every good bestowed, and offer grateful praise. Conclude the day with God; thy faults to Him confess; trust in the Lord's atoning blood, and please His righteousness." That is an old clipping I found in my Scotch mother's well-worn Bible and I hand it on this morning as our interpretation of that beautiful text.

Faithfulness of Hebrew Christians in Europe!



The Rev. Jacob Pelz

Dr. G. L., a Hebrew Christian from Hamburg, Germany, writes:

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Pastor R. W., who is an eminent Hebrew Christian Missionary in Roumania, gives us a revealing report. He says, "All Hebrew Christians of Besarabia have been killed or deported. In Bucharest many were martyred. Those of Northern Transylvania were deported to the German death-camps. Some have now returned."

During these persecutions the number of Hebrew Christians increased amazingly. There are more Hebrew Christians in Roumania now than before the war. I wish you could see their devotion. They work voluntarily to win souls for Christ in the hospitals, prisons, street-preaching and tract distribution. They bear heavy crosses, for they have to suffer much to maintain their faith against family hostility."

These and other Hebrew Christians who have returned from concentration camps to find their homes shattered and loved ones gone . . . some broken in body, others left utterly alone . . . look to us to feed and sustain them. The able-bodied are on fire for Christ. Please do help us to help them.

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Dear God of all open doors, we stand at the door and knock through these meditations, and pray Thee that Thou wilt open unto us. Amen.

FRI.
MAR. 21 ! READ REV. 21:1

"AND there was no more sea." John stood on the island of Patmos, and, nostalgic for his Holy Land home, looked across the wide sea and dreamed of a time when he would be back home and "There was no more sea," between him and his home. So did the Prodigal Son hunger for home and his father's house and, hungering, remembered that he had a home and a father and went back to him; sure of his welcome. So we in this holy hour of meditation hunger for a reunion with our spiritual father and our spiritual homeland. We dream of the time when there will be "no more sea" separating us from God.

Dear Father of our spiritual homeland, we pray Thee that no sea and no wide stretches of mountain and land shall separate us from Thee. Amen.

SAT.
MAR. 22 ! READ I PETER 1:18

"WHOM having not seen, ye love." Emily Dickinson knew what that quotation meant when she wrote of other invisible things which she had never seen with her eyes:

*I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet I know how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.*

All spiritually minded folk know the experience of loving something which they have not seen with physical eyes, but have seen with spiritual eyes.

Dear Father of all holy things, we thank Thee most of all this day for spiritual imagination which enables us to see the invisible things of life and to love them. Amen.

SUN.
MAR. 23 ! READ JOHN 3:16

HERE is what editors call a "selected" bit with a world of truth in it, entitled "Time to Live and to Give": "Take time to work—it is the price of success. Take time to play—it is the secret of remaining young. Take time to read—it is the fountain of knowledge and wisdom. Take time to worship—it is the highway of reverence. Take time to give—it is the summum bonum, the final good of life.

"For God so loved the world that He gave!"

Dear Father of all mankind, we thank Thee that Thou art a giving, and therefore a living God. Teach us to give and, therefore, to LIVE! Amen.

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MON.
MAR. 24

READ PHIL. 2:10

THAT at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." Vachel Lindsay once told me in my home in Kansas City that his favorite poem of all he had written, was entitled "Foreign Missions in Battle Array," which runs like this: "What is the final ending? The issue can we know? Will Christ outlive Mohammed? Will Kali's altar go? This is our faith tremendous—Our wild hope who shall scorn, that, in the name of Jesus, the world shall be reborn."

Dear God of all humanity, of all hungering hearts, we thank Thee that Amos of old, sought and found the One God for us all; and may we this day come to know Thee in Christ, Thy Son. Amen.

TUES.
MAR. 25

READ REV. 2:7

WHEN we are tempted to say an unkind word, a slanderous thing about somebody else, let us remember our morning text, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." Then let us carry this admonition into practical living, remembering that:

A careless word may kindle strife;
A cruel word may wreck a life.
A timely word may lessen stress;
A loving word may heal and bless.

Dear God of all love, light, and laughter, help us to "watch our words" this day and all days so that we may "heal and bless." Amen.

WED.
MAR. 26

READ MATT. 10:26

I LOOK not forward; then would fears assail me, so wild the tumult of earth's restless seas; so dark the world, so filled with woe and evil, so vain the hope of comfort and of ease. But I look up; up into the face of Jesus, for there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled. And, there, is joy and love, and light for darkness and perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled." "There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known." That is the faith and hope of the soul that lives in Jesus.

Dear Christ of all things known and hidden; we thank Thee that Thou hast promised, that in Thine own time, all things shall be revealed unto us. Amen.

THURS.
MAR. 27

READ ACTS 9:26, 27

A FRIENDLY smile on the way to work; A light of welcome in somebody's eyes; A cheery good morning from a friend; A word of praise for something done; A thoughtful courtesy from a student; A prayerful thought at the dawn of day; A moment of worship, a song, a hymn; A beautiful sunset seen from a hilltop, A moment alone with God." And it will be said of us: "How he had seen the Lord in the way."



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Dear Lord of all loving and great living, we pray this day that it may be said of us that we have "seen the Lord on the way," before we begin the day's work. Amen.

FRI. MAR. 28 READ I COR. 2:9

"FOUNTAIN of life that feeds all living streams, Light of the ages with undimmed beams; Bulwark of rock where tempests beat in vain; Anchor of faith that mocks life's stormy main; Bright bow of promise spanning sullen skies; Song at the tomb, which bids the dead arise; Whisper of hope to lives by sorrow rent; Thunder of doom to souls impenitent; Healer of hurts, succor of breasts that bleed; Great voice of God—Thou answerest every need."

"These are the things which God hath prepared for those who love him."

Dear God of all harvests and happinesses; we thank Thee that Thou hast, through Jesus Christ, promised to those of us who follow Thee, "The Abundant Life." Amen.

SAT. MAR. 29 READ JER. 2:2

"I REMEMBER thee, the kindness of thy youth." "God, let me be a giver, and not one who only takes and takes, unceasingly; God let me give, so that, not just my own, but other lives as well may richer be. Let me give out whatever I may hold, of what material things life may be heaping; let me give raiment, shelter, food or gold, if these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping. But greater than such fleeting treasures, may I give my faith and hope, and cheerfulness; belief and dreams and joy and laughter gay; some lonely soul to bless."

So sang my friend Mary Carolyn Davies many years ago. And, in so singing, she places herself and all who carry out the spirit of her poem, among those of whom it could be said, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth."

Dear God of all love and kind deeds, teach us this day that all anybody will remember about us in the long years to come, will be our kindness and our love to others. Amen.

SUN. MAR. 30 READ I KINGS 19:12

"THE voices are there; one is of the sea; one of the mountains; each a mighty voice," sang Wordsworth. But the voice of which we speak this day was called "the still small voice." Rossetti says: "Her voice was like the voice the stars had, when they sang together." And Longfellow sang it: "Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches the innermost recesses of my spirit." Milton said: "The angel ended and, in Adam's ear, so charming was his voice, that he awhile, thought him still speaking, still stood fix't to hear." Thus it is that "the

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still small voice" of God affects those who will listen to it. "And after the fire a still small voice."

Dear God of the inner voices which speak to us after the storm, fire and earthquake are over; we thank Thee that we can be hushed in these meditation hours and listen for Thy voice in this very act and attitude of worship. Amen.

MON. !
MAR. 31 READ PSALM 127:2

"HE GIVETH His beloved sleep." That is a glorious thought. When the body is weary and the soul is tired out with sorrow, serving and suffering, "He giveth His beloved sleep" is about the most beautiful verse in the Bible. At least Mrs. Browning thought it was when she sang: "Of all the thoughts of God that are borne inward into souls afar, along the Psalmist's music deep, now tell me if there any is, for gift or grace surpassing this: 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'" Other poets in addition to the Psalmist and Mrs. Browning understand the beautiful beneficence of sleep. Tennyson also sang: "A holy thing is sleep, on the worn spirit shed, and eyes that wake to weep." And Wordsworth adds his appreciative bit: "And to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness."

Dear God of all things beautiful and good, we thank Thee that Thou didst think of sleep for the weary body and tired souls of this earth; and that the final sleep which Thou givest unto Thy beloved shall be a rest in Thee! Amen.

NO LAND IS FREE

(Continued from page 32)

Not many days had passed before Hope began to sense Birdie Webster's vicious revenge. The visits of neighbors, who had been so casual and so friendly and helpful, began to fall off. Only Mr. Flipp and Mr. Eliot were constant. Andy and Kate of course saw nothing odd in this, for it was the busy season for homesteaders, and everybody was having to work hard to catch up. Andy and Dave themselves were knee-deep in making a farm emerge from the wilderness, now that the house was complete.

At first, Hope thought nothing of it. But when Big Halleck's visits became less frequent, and when she felt the difference in him when he did stop by, she wondered what tongues had been wagging—and what they had said. She knew her fears were not groundless when, one day, Brother Cowan stopped by to see Andy for a moment. On the way out he had stopped before her, searched her with accusing eyes, and said in a low tone: "I am praying for you, Miss Hope"—then added, "Sin no more!" Before she could demand an explanation, he was gone.

(Continued on next page)

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A dozen times she was tempted to tell her father and mother what had happened, especially when one of them commented on the scarcity of visitors. But she knew her father would go at once to Hank and demand an apology, and there might be further trouble.

And just now Andy had trouble enough. Hog trouble. It happened one morning when Andy and Dave set out for the clearing, all set to start breaking land for cotton. When they came in sight of the clearing, the corn was sparkling with dew as the first rays of the sun struck it. Then they saw the hogs. There were twenty-five or thirty of them, mostly shoats, rooting busily among the potatoes. They were midway the long rows, but even from that distance Dave and Andy could see the vines lying helter-skelter, torn from the loose soil by the foraging intruders.

"Hey!" Andy yelled. "Soooooeee!" He dropped the rope lines and ran, stooping to catch up a club, which he waved as he raced for the shoats.

Dave hitched the mules as fast as he could, and followed. This was a dreadful thing! After all the work they had done in getting the land cleared and plowed and planted, and had won the promise of a fine crop, then to have a bunch of roaming hogs wander into the field and tear into those precious vines, root up those tiny potatoes, and destroy, with grunting vandalism, every chance of growth and harvest!

"Soooooeee!" he whooped.

The shoats saw them coming through the corn. Some of the more timid let out frightened "Oofs" and ran. Several of those left, either stupid or curious to learn why two grown men were acting so strangely, stood their ground and watched Andy and Dave bear down upon them. The remainder rooted faster and smacked in wicked pleasure over their findings, loyal to the theory that stolen sweets are best.

But when Andy and Dave burst out of the corn and into the stretch of potatoes, the lingering hogs wheeled away and followed the others. Dave and Andy hurled their clubs at the animals and yelled angry warnings after them.

The hogs stopped at the edge of the clearing and looked back. They moved together in a drove and stood watching the two human beings who had so rudely interrupted their nice breakfast. They had the air of hogs that might possibly try another foray as soon as the men went away somewhere.

Weeks before, Flipp had warned him. "Sig Flanagan," he had said, "is buying all of Ed Briggs' hogs out here in the swamp. He tol' me he was puttin' a hundred more in these woods!" Andy had only half believed the report. Now here were the hogs. And here was ruin for him unless he did something about it. "I'm going to see Sig Flanagan," he said grimly. "Today!"

(To be continued)

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badly as they need a pastor. Every Sunday I look out from the pulpit over many pews filled with whole families who would never let anything keep them from a service. They love to worship, sing, contribute, and every year to feast the pastor's family in their homes on the mountainside. These old farmhouses were left forsaken until Mr. Gaylord bought them and sold them to Christian families.

Therein lies the statesmanship. When Mr. Gaylord had represented to one client the advantages of our lovely village, including its churches, the prospective buyer replied that he was not interested in churches. Mr. Gaylord at once closed the correspondence, telling him frankly that he was not the kind of man whose residence Northfield desired.

From the Christian planning of this layman the question inevitably rises: Why do not the officers and members of churches promote a definite program of Christian colonization? I know many a lovely old white meetinghouse where the congregation is thin and diminishing. "Folks have moved away or died," they say. They have always done both and always will. But the fathers worked hard to build the church, why do not the sons plan to build a congregation?

NEAR ONE of these rural meetinghouses where Protestant services are fighting hard for very life, there are at this moment five vacant houses. These will sometime be bought and occupied. Why is there not Christian statesmanship enough to see to it that these houses are occupied by families of faithful church attendants? Such families can be found. Such will always be seeking homes. It will appeal to them to go where they are wanted and can give a definite service.

No giving of endowments, no bringing of revival services, no crusading for quotas, can possibly equal the value of a little sanctified selling in the interests of re-colonizing the country church. Oh that the organized genius of the best business laymen would use executive efficiency for the glory of God! Don't say that it can't be done. It is the fact that it is now being done which suggests this article. Still may the old steeples stand!

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By **E. M. Conover**
CHURCH BUILDING CONSULTANT

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Salvaging Old Walls

Our church has been burned out, but the brick walls are standing. Should we not save and use these walls in constructing a new building? It is estimated that such use will save us \$20,000.

First of all, have the walls inspected by a legally registered architect or construction engineer, and secure a report regarding the condition and load-bearing of the walls and foundation. Then list all the required rooms and their floor areas. Let this list be made in view of the needed church program, and without regard to the existing walls. Consider too whether your property is in the best possible location for your church. Then have the architect plan the needed new building as he thinks best.

If you will send us the measurements of the existing construction and data regarding your membership, the numbers in the different age groups in the church school, etc., we shall be glad to send suggestions.

In several cases we have observed in the past, it was clear that the churches would have wasted more than could be saved by retaining the old walls in the new construction. In one, the old building was too wide, which called for a heavier roof than a new and better-proportioned building would have required. This made a more costly heating plant necessary; the old window openings had to be altered; the old door ways seemed to be in the wrong places. All this required excessive labor costs.

Bear in mind that it costs an architect more to plan a building when existing constructions must be utilized. In practically every one of scores of such situations we have observed, it was wise to tear down all existing construction, stock any salvageable material, and clean up the site.

Asbestos Siding

We have decided to make our old frame building do for a few years longer. What can you say about putting asbestos siding on the walls?

Have the material examined for durability. Avoid material, shingles or siding that are too brittle. Choose material for its durability rather than for pure white color, if it comes to such a choice.

Government Restrictions

What should churches contemplating building do in view of the removal of government restrictions on prices?

As this is written (toward the last of November), the building situation as it affects churches has not changed. It is still necessary to secure priority authorization and a permit to build. Because of the tremendous volume of commercial and

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industrial building now waiting to go forward, building costs will remain high—unless there is a “buyers’ strike” among owners who refuse to pay such high prices. Churches should proceed steadily with their plans and money-raising, and be prepared at the first time favorable for building to present their completed plans and specifications for contractors’ bids.

WE AND THEY

(Continued from page 37)

alities, in any section of the United States. A stream of foreigners is constantly being absorbed into our American life. Only recently in a comparatively small city, graduation exercises were held for a class of fifty who had applied for United States citizenship and had successfully completed the required course. These graduates represented twenty-one countries. Annually, in practically every American city such groups of foreigners become citizens of the United States. Our nation by its very nature is a composite of many kindreds and peoples.

With this heritage, we should be able to meet the demands of the time, which call for global attitudes. In the midst of the horrors of a world-encompassing war, the United Nations set up international machinery for peace. Such machinery is not geared to the provincial, the complacently superior, or the suspicious and distrustful in human relationships. It can move forward progressively and effectively on nothing less than universal good will based on understanding. In other words, such accidental factors as race and color must be lost sight of in a common humanity. Differences in creeds, customs, and cultural heritage must be seen in their right perspective as mosaic in the total pattern. To the truly world citizen there can be no “outsiders” or “foreigners.”

HOW GOOD A PARENT ARE YOU?

(See page 18)

Check your score by the following table, which lists the credits or points for each of the three answers to each question. (If, for instance, you checked “B” under question No. 1, you get 5 points; if you checked “A” you get 3 points; if you erred completely and checked “C,” you get 0 points.) List your points, and add them up for your final score, in the space provided on p. 18.

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. A-3 points; B-5 points; C-0 points. | 11. A-5; B-0; C-3. |
| 2. A-5; B-3; C-0. | 12. A-3; B-0; C-5. |
| 3. A-5; B-3; C-0. | 13. A-5; B-0; C-3. |
| 4. A-5; B-0; C-3. | 14. A-5; B-0; C-3. |
| 5. A-0; B-3; C-5. | 15. A-0; B-5; C-3. |
| 6. A-3; B-5; C-0. | 16. A-5; B-0; C-3. |
| 7. A-5; B-3; C-0. | 17. A-5; B-3; C-0. |
| 8. A-5; B-3; C-0. | 18. A-3; B-5; C-0. |
| 9. A-0; B-3; C-5. | 19. A-3; B-5; C-0. |
| 10. A-5; B-0; C-3. | 20. A-5; B-3; C-0. |

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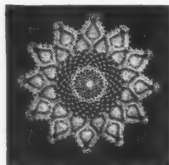
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MINER WITH WINGS

(Continued from page 22)

there is no smoke to be had, this Sunday afternoon.

Over the improvised airport that has been cleared of cows for the occasion, the ship circles experimentally. Down below, the pilot sees his farmer friend standing at the end of the field, his arms outstretched toward the east. There is a reassuring spurt of power from the motor, a wigwagging of wings in a recognition signal, and a slow circle to lose altitude. Nearing the ground, the pilot gives the plane full throttle, and it hurries up, to circle again—to make an approach from the opposite direction. Again the pilot seems dissatisfied, and goes scurrying aloft for the second time. Down below, the farmer picks up handfuls of chaff from the ground, flings them into the air. They drift in a wind that is clearly blowing to the east, the way his arms had pointed. In a few minutes the plane comes in from the east, makes a smooth landing.

"What happened," the preacher explains, "was that I forgot whether I had told him to stand that way to show that the wind was blowing to the east, or from the east."

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(Continued on page 78)



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Clark Wood

* * *

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Jerome P. Fleishman

* * *

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Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin

* * *

When the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman was holding his question-and-answer session on the radio, some one asked, "Dr. Cadman, do you believe the time will ever come when Jews, Catholics and Protestants will worship in one Church?" That was a pretty big question for the doctor because he was talking to millions of Jews, Catholics and Protestants, but he hesitated only a few seconds before he replied, "Yes, I do; but I don't mind saying that I would hate to be the first archbishop of that Church!"

Vital Speeches

* * *

The dinner started with cream of tomato soup. The main course was a giant rib roast, with mashed potatoes and broccoli. Soft rolls of white flour were served, with two patties of butter to a plate. Dessert was apple pie with ice cream. There was coffee with cream and sugar. The speaker cleared his throat and began: "We are a bankrupt nation . . ."

Lake Mills (Ia.) Graphic

* * *

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But *you* read the papers. You'll be meeting Tucker in the headlines.

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With the going smooth, maybe he'd still be digging coal.

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS

(Continued from page 29)

poison, only he does it in an expert way.

But all the time there is a remedy that has never failed. It cannot be found, of course, in any light "picking up the threads of religion." Nor could anything else worthwhile be found by any such method. But if you were willing to go back to the Source, and to the source Book, it could be found, and it could transform the meaningless and the banal into glowing significance. The zest that is buried and lost in materialism can be found again. But not by any fashionable or popular remedy, for the only way is based on behavior which selfishness never could embrace.

"Whosoever loseth his life," this wisdom says, "shall find it."

Twilight had come into my room now, and it was becoming too dark for me to be impressed with the authority of the expensive color pages. When the eye was no longer intimidated by the cleverness of layout and art-work, common sense functioned again. My own treasures had dwindled in comparison with that sophisticated world, but now that I could no longer be bullied by its flamboyant picturing, values emerged in their own proportions. Downstairs I could hear the rich everyday sounds of my beloved house getting ready for the best hour of the day, dinnertime. I had no "onus of guilt," for I knew it was going to be

...a good dinner; I had put it in the oven myself . . .

There would be nothing unusual or remarkable about the meal, no unforgettable brilliant conversation, no earth-shaking philosophies, no lance-like wit. Nobody would be wearing lace dusted with sequins; nobody would have original coiffeurs amplified by false hair; I doubt if we'd notice whether our toes and heels were open or closed! A photographer would certainly be wasting his time among us.

We're wearing these clothes because we just happened to put them on, without fashion aforethought; the furniture in our house is without benefit of decorator; the colors are merely the ones we happen to enjoy. I suspect we don't even know the correct colors this season. Such beauty as you'd find in any of us, or in our home, is perceptible only with the inner eye of love. A stranger would scarcely notice us, much less envy us.

Yet there is something valuable and precious about every one of us, and we know it. There is something unique and beloved about every corner of our house, and we know that also. We don't look like much to a stranger, but we're terribly important to each other. We have made each other the way we are, with our laughter and love and consideration. There's nothing smart or fashionable anywhere about us; even our problems would bore a psychiatrist. In fact, we've lost our own problems in helping to solve the problems of the others.

I suspect we're typical of millions of Americans . . . even of some who yearningly read about that elegant world that dwells within the fashion magazines. But we aren't in much danger of being seriously fooled about it. We're not going to be taken in by the photographs and the wiles of people who want to sell us something expensive. We know just how unimportant anything that can be bought or sold really is.

We know there's only one thing in life worth envying, and we have that thing in our hearts: it is home-made happiness.

MAELE NEEDS YOU

(Continued from page 27)

walked with a throng.

Dark faces were incredulous. "Don't you want to stay, Master?" they asked. "Don't you want to remain with your children?"

"Yes—"

"Yet you go?"

"Yes."

They were more than ever puzzled. They spoke about it in little groups. Children came wailing to cling to him. Their shrill voices lisped a repetition of questions that were becoming torture to John Harmony.

He tried to explain about the younger, more active man. "He will do more for you than I can." (Cont'd next page)



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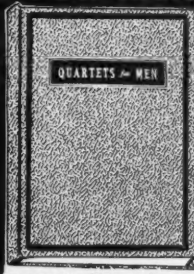
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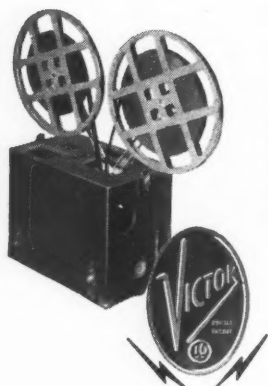


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Kitu, chief of the island, rose straight and tall, white teeth gleaming in his dark face. "We have enough. We are happy."

John Harmony swallowed. "When one of your people is ill in the interior of the island, you send for me, do you not?"

They nodded. "And you always go, Master."

"When I can. More and more of late I have had attacks of fever, and cannot go. I have many years and cannot travel as fast as I used to. Sometimes I arrive too late. The sick one dies."

Kitu shrugged. "He goes to heaven and is happy there."

John Harmony realized that he should have started weeks, perhaps months, ago preparing them for the change. It had been selfish, even cowardly, to wait until the last, just because he wanted to enjoy his little kingdom as it was, as long as possible.

"You will learn to love the new man whom God sends you," he said.

Despairingly, he watched them grow moody and sullen, even somewhat hostile. He had failed them.

He went to his house, began to pack. All of it to do at the last moment. The ancient weather-worn trunk he had brought to the island of Maele fifty years ago would still hold his few belongings. Materially, he had accumulated little. All of Mary's things he had packed away tenderly in her little trunk many years ago. These he must surely take with him into a life which would be both strange and new. He had read how the world had changed in fifty years. An occasional trip out had shown him an amazing progress that both awed and filled him with strange uneasiness. Man was indeed busy with his hands. How busy was he with mind and heart?

Lapong and Chula, his house servants, came to stand in the doorway, watching him. "Don't go, Master," they wailed. "Don't leave us. If you go we shall throw ourselves into the sea."

He drew himself erect, sternly. "Nonsense. Christians do not take their own lives. You will learn to love the new man, too."

At the farewell service on the day of his departure, he expected a large, if gloomy, congregation. To his surprise, the little chapel was nearly empty. The women were here, eyes downcast, and the children. A few very old men, decrepit and dim of eye. The strong adult men were conspicuously absent.

Throughout the sermon, John Harmony pushed the growing uneasiness from him. How had he failed? Would the new man have to cope with a resentful and indifferent people? Had the structure he had built through fifty loving years been founded on sand? Was his life-work crumbling before his very eyes?

With aching throat, he pronounced the benediction. The congregation did not linger as usual. Alone in the empty

chapel for the last time, John Harmony closed his eyes in prayer.

Two sounds reached him simultaneously. The whistle of Captain Reed's ship offshore—and a curious throbbing he hadn't heard on Maele for more than three decades.

"Drums. War drums!"

Imagination, surely. His mind was overwrought. He stepped from the chapel into brilliant tropic sunlight, and stopped. Men were clotting the village clearing. Tall tribesmen in fighting regalia, spears catching and throwing light.

Kitu, face set with purpose, was spokesman. He gestured toward the small dingy putting off from the schooner to come ashore.

"We will not let him land."

They meant what they said, John Harmony realized. They wouldn't receive the new missionary. They were wrong, of course—or were they? Ought he not to stay, perhaps? No family ties bound him anywhere else in the world. He'd lived his life here. This was his life. Who could live without the warm heart and coursing blood of the self within, the person he really was?

No! Right was right. The new man must take over. He had come prepared to do so. He was coming ashore now in the dingy.

John Harmony spoke. They wouldn't listen. For the first time he'd appeared among them, they disobeyed him. Shouting, they ran to the opening of the lagoon where the little boat was beaching. Their ranks bristled with spears.

Fearlessly, the missionary made his way among them to the spot where his luggage was piled. The new missionary hailed him from the boat in some relief. Was this the customary welcome?

John Harmony shook his head. "You'd better not try to get out of the boat. I'm sorry. Can't get the natives to understand about the change yet."

Young Daniel Chatham's level brown eyes widened, but without fear. "You mean—they don't want me?"

John Harmony smiled wearily. He liked the way young Chatham faced facts, squarely but with assurance. The new missionary was young, vigorous and determined. He would do his work here well—if he had the chance to do it at all.

"It isn't that they don't want you to come," said John Harmony. "It's just that—they've grown used to me. Attached."

"Of course," said Daniel Chatham.

"But it's wrong for them to become attached to the—the person rather than the teaching."

"You are the symbol of the good you preach," said the new missionary earnestly. "Naturally they don't want you to leave."

He rose and started to step out of the boat. The natives pressed forward threateningly. The new man hesitated, began to speak. Their voices and yells

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drowned his pleading. John Harmony ached for him, for them—and for himself.

Well, if they expected him to change his mind, they must see that he wouldn't. He ordered the two sailors who rowed the dingy to step ashore and put his luggage aboard.

White-faced, they refused.

"Very well," said the missionary quietly, "leave it." He got into the boat beside Daniel Chatham. "Push off."

"But—" protested the younger missionary, "I don't like running away." "We're not running away. We're withdrawing strategically to advance tomorrow."

"Are you sure?"

"By tomorrow perhaps they will have cooled. They're like children. Seeing that I'm determined to leave, whether or not they permit you to come, they'll consider more carefully."

The dingy drew away from the island rapidly. The natives on the shore were voiceless and still, eyes straining after John Harmony. Scarcely a spear shivered the light.

They had reached the ship when the great long wailing of Maele natives began. Tuneless and pitiful. John Harmony's own heart beat in agonized sympathy. Any farewell was hard. This one had the increasing bitterness of misunderstanding and resentment. He knew then that he was leaving his thoughts and hopes on Maele.

On deck he faced Captain Reed. The captain was smiling. Smiling! Didn't he understand—sympathize?

"You didn't bring your luggage, John Harmony."

"No, I—"

"Good. You won't need it."

John Harmony brushed a shaking hand across his forehead. "What do you mean?"

"I have here a telegram from your Board of Missions."

John Harmony saw then that the captain carried a slip of paper. He took it, read. His eyes blurred. He had to wait for them to clear before he could read again that astounding message.

He looked up finally. "I—I am to stay on, if I like. With Daniel Chatham as my colleague, if he's willing."

"Willing!" Young Chatham's voice rang out sincerely. "I can think of no greater privilege than working with you."

John Harmony was searching Captain Reed's bronzed and beaming face. Slowly, a smile spread over his own features. He stretched a hand to clasp the younger man's.

"You're somehow responsible for this."

The captain coughed, stuttered. "Nonsense. Just dashed off a cable, that's all. Somebody had to give the facts. Maele needs you, John Harmony, and you need Maele. You can give of your spirit long after your hands are idle. As a man of God, you ought to know that."

A DREAM THAT GREW ROOTS

(Continued from page 25)

"Yes," he told her desperately. Only it wasn't in words he wanted to preach the truth that was in him. His sermons were to be planted in brown earth, to come alive.

"You get you your greenhouse, Angus," she told him, gently.

* * *

That was how pansies became Angus Murdock's religion, almost. For the things he wanted of them were of the spirit, too; not to make money, but to make beauty, strength, to raise the gentle pansy blooms to greatness to satisfy the dream that was in him. A dream that was bigger than he was and a wife who understood him . . . there were those who would say that already Angus Murdock, digging the cellar for his first greenhouse alone, because he couldn't afford to hire any help, was a very wealthy man.

During the years that followed, Angus hung over his flowers, patiently improving them season by season while his wife took care of their two little girls. Maggie was a gay, social little creature who, as she grew up, was invited to every party for miles around. But Janie was more like her father, tall, dark and grave; in fact, she was so like him that it was almost funny to see her copy his gestures, the slow way he talked. And they both had a passion for books. For in spite of his limited schooling, Angus was very well read.

"He's read more travel books than almost anyone in town," the village librarian used to marvel. Nights when he had to sit up in his big armchair in the kitchen, tending the fires for the greenhouse, he went to China with Stillwell, sailed the Sargasso Sea with Beebe; went around the whole world in a night. He was very proud when Janie led her classes at school, studied the piano.

"I think I'll go to college," she told her father gravely. "That is, if there's enough money."

"Of course you will if it's in you," he told her. "If a thing's right for you, you mustn't let anything stop you!"

"I won't," the tall dark child told him. "I won't stop, Daddy."

By the time the second world war hit us, Angus was raising the most exceptional pansy blooms in all New England; maybe in the entire country. The most expensive florists in Boston were clamoring for them at fancy prices; for the first time, Angus and his family were able to live in real comfort, to pay off the mortgage and to look ahead to a prosperous future.

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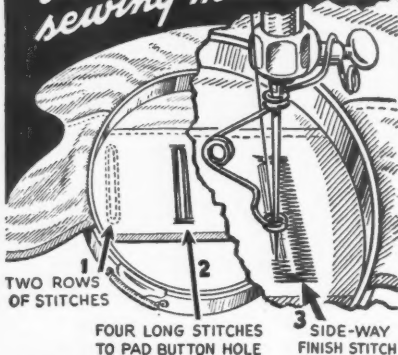
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and all it lacked was a slim young thing with a trick hair-do and a frilly apron to make it look like a magazine ad, his wife realized ruefully, looking down at her own substantial middle-aged figure. But you'd found out long ago that you didn't need a sink to prove how much Angus loved you. She told him slowly, "I didn't mind waiting, Angus. You get more of a kick out of things when they do come." And surprisingly, it was true.

But asking a big price for things, even pansies, in wartime, didn't seem quite right to Angus. It made him uneasy. "Don't hold a shotgun over 'em!" he protested once to his agent in the wholesale market when he reported the day's big receipts.

"You should worry. Why, it took you twelve years to raise that big golden one that's selling so good!" the agent protested, puzzled.

"Hmm," mused Angus. He knew in his sensitive soul that you couldn't pay for twelve years of your life in money. And he knew something else: everyone had to fight this war in his own way with everything that was in him. He couldn't get any help, for all the government could see as essential were corn, potatoes and carrots, but Angus knew that a man needed more than bullets, and food for his stomach; he needed food for his soul. We had one especially cold winter in New England, with snow piled high and zero temperatures for weeks at a time, and Angus sat up doggedly, night after night, in his big black leather armchair in the kitchen, in order to tend his fires in the greenhouses.

"Angus, please come to bed. It won't help any for you to get pneumonia!" his wife begged him one sub-zero night. "My goodness, you're getting so thin, I have to look twice to see you!"

"No," Angus told her. "I can't." He had a funny feeling that this was his part in the war, that with so many beautiful things getting smashed and destroyed, people needed his flowers more than ever. And there were so many dying. Only last week that boy from our town, he reminded his wife. A lot of his flowers went for funerals. There were some things there weren't any words for, but flowers could help a little if their colors were deep and pure enough.

"Yes, Angus," his wife said and went back to bed. She knew there wasn't any use arguing when Angus began to preach like his Presbyterian grandfather, only in flowers.

And so one night it happened... Angus paid the full price for being true to his dream.

His daughter, Janie, now a senior in high school, was to play the piano that evening at the annual spring music festival at the Town Hall, and Angus, proud as punch, went with his wife to the concert. But as he came into the hot crowded room, Angus felt dizzy, queer all over; he hoped desperately that Janie would play very soon so that he

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could go home; he was so tired, so terribly tired. As he sat there waiting, the platform seemed to swim and sway with little girls in bright dresses coming out and tinkling away, and it was hard suddenly for him to breathe. Wouldn't Janie ever come?

And then there she was, tall and grave sitting down at the piano on the stage. She played Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and the big cool chords seemed to Angus to fill the hall with glorious sound. This was his Janie playing like an angel! If only you could make her understand how proud you were, so proud it choked you . . . Janie! As the last full chords beat against his tired heart, Angus Murdock gave a little gasp . . . and died.

We thought at first that he'd merely fainted when they carried him out and sent for the doctor, but pretty soon the shocking news crept upstairs in the way it does, that he was gone. It didn't seem possible. We just sat there stunned, fingering our programs. "Who will play for Janie now?" the woman next to me wondered. We simply couldn't believe it when the time came and Janie walked calmly out onto the platform and sat down at the piano. Maybe she didn't know yet, but still . . . A murmur, partly admiration, partly a little shocked that so young a girl could show such poise with her father lying there, ran over the audience. She played beautifully.

The whole town was appalled at the tragedy, for Angus was only 56 and not even his wife had known that he had a bad heart. Besides, it seemed a singularly dramatic way for so quiet a man to go; we simply couldn't accept its finality. As the man who ran the grocery store where Angus used to buy his newspaper every morning said, awed, "I hear the door bang and I look up to say, 'Good morning, Angus,' and he isn't there!"

It hit his family hardest, of course. We heard that Angus had left so little actual cash that they'd have to sell both greenhouses and even their home with the white sink he'd bought for his wife, and take a smaller place. It seemed such a pity, to work so long to build up a dream and then to have it go—everything—in the twinkling of an eye. Maggie, the older girl, got a job at once; but no one expected her to keep it very long. "She's too attractive not to marry," we told each other. And sure enough, very soon her soldier came home from the war and she did.

But Janie . . . what would happen to her now? She wasn't the kind to leave her mother when she most needed her; she was too much like Angus, someone to depend upon. She'd just graduated from high school with the highest honors. Would she have to take a job too and give up college?

"If only there was something we could do!" we neighbors worried.

I went to see his wife finally. I want-



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One morning, driven to desperation, Mrs. Lewis pinned her faded shawl around her thin shoulders, put on her old bonnet, and with her little Bible in hand, repaired to the village saloon. She left her little son, Dio, ill fed, ill clad and ill shod, standing outside. In those days, a truly respectable lady never set foot in a liquor store. So the saloon-keeper was thunderstruck as this gentle woman entered.

"Sir, will you let me read to you what God says about your business?" she inquired. Receiving a surprised assent, Mrs. Lewis read from Habakkuk 2: 15-17:

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!"

"Sir, these are God's words, not mine. Shall we pray about your business?" And such an agonized prayer went up that day from that foul drinking den as reached not only the ear of God but the heart of the sobered saloonist. In God's own providence, it is still reaching hearts around the globe with ever increasing power.

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ed terribly to say something comforting, but when she came to the door and stood there, tearless and still, the words dried up in my mouth. I could only stammer something about how kind Angus had always been to my Ricky, giving him such beautiful bouquets.

She gave me a queer look. "Would you like to see the pansies now?"

"Why, yes," I agreed. If it would be any comfort to her . . . But it was hardly that, for when we stepped inside the sun-flooded greenhouse where Ricky and I had walked so often with Angus, I caught my breath in horror. In only the few days since he had been gone, the infinitesimal red spider that lies in wait had woven its sickly white web over everything. Every plant was a shroud and Angus' dream was dead, too.

"It's awful," I choked. "I never realized . . ."

But Angus' wife wasn't weeping. Her face was lifted proudly to the brightness of the sunshine; no one need feel sorry for her or hers. "I have his best seeds saved," she said. "They'll grow again, not here, but somewhere. Did I tell you about Janie? She entered a state-wide contest and won a full scholarship for college! She starts this fall . . . but she'll be home every week-end."

So Janie wasn't letting anything stop her, either. She was following her dream as Angus had followed his. Why, I realized, that was how she'd been able to go on playing with him lying there, because his courage, his infinite patience wasn't dead at all, it was right there in her. Suddenly the wealth of the legacy he'd left behind him was brighter than the blinding sunlight flooding about us, for Angus' family would never be poor. Wealth of the spirit is the only kind that can't be taxed or squandered, that goes on giving dividends forever. Just as the bouquets he'd given my Ricky were the only kind that would never fade.

Mrs. Murdock stooped, picked a few drooping stalks of pansies and held them out to me. "There," she said. "They're the last. Take them to Ricky, will you? Angus (her voice shook only a little) would like him to have them. He always said that children and flowers kind of go together."

BUT IS IT CHRISTIAN EDUCATION?

(Continued from page 17)

first century. Nor is such training adequate for today. Yet I always remember that there were some who did not fail. Can we learn the secret of these men who were the true representatives of Christ and give the kind of training they got to the coming generations?

Our men failed even more in the seventh and final objective of Christian education—"A knowledge of the Bible and other religious heritage of the race." Here is what a number of observers had to say on this point: "I found that the soldiers whose faith was anchored in the

Word of God were able to withstand the temptations which beset the average soldier. But the tragic thing was that there were all too few whose faith seemed to be vital and real." "In the States and overseas I tried to have a variety program that would appeal to as many as possible," says a chaplain. "I did have a measure of success at times. Being a religious service, or with primarily a religious emphasis, occasionally we tried a Bible quiz, and it was the least popular thing we tried. The sheer ignorance of the simplest details of the Scriptures was a discouraging feature. I usually thought the men didn't want to be embarrassed, and therefore failed to attend the Bible quiz." "I found the great mass of servicemen had a very meager knowledge of the Bible. The most elementary facts about the Book, which is the basis of our faith and culture, are lacking."

"There is an astounding ignorance of Biblical knowledge among servicemen. At first I was quite appalled by it, for naturally I had assumed that some evidences of Christian truth were being implanted in the minds of our youth. I anticipated that they would have a much wider appreciation of the Word of God than I actually found. It was not unusual to find among the more advanced Christian young men, many of whom had been practically born and reared in the church, such a lack of knowledge of the Bible and general Christian truth that would cause me to wonder at the past efforts to educate our youth." "No survey was taken aboard my ship, but I feel safe in estimating that only about 4 percent of the personnel were well-instructed Christians."

One man commented: "I am glad there is some constructive work being done to determine what our Sunday schools have been accomplishing. My feeling is that servicemen did not know their Bible, but I find it the same way with young people of high school and college age here at home. They do not have a knowledge of the simplest Bible facts."

But one person remarked: "The eagerness of men to know the Bible amazed me. Too many of them, who knew some Bible, had been taught what God would do to punish them, not what He would do to assist them." And finally: "We have been engaged in teaching beautiful lessons from the Bible, but have failed to teach the Bible."

One of our observers goes into the "why" of this Bible illiteracy. He gives three reasons: "The preaching of the last decade has been topical rather than Biblical. Our Sunday schools have not been Bible centered. Our teachers in the Sunday schools have not been well trained and many times they do not have enough time to present their lesson."

By way of summary, we may draw these conclusions:

1. The objectives of Christian education are not being achieved among the

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young men of America—at least, not to any great extent. There is a minority movement of well-trained, consecrated, stable Christians; but the group is small.

2. Protestant young people are growing abysmally ignorant of the Bible and of Christian doctrine.

3. The type of Christianity the young men of America have secured from their homes and their churches was not good enough to enable them to meet the many temptations and the many crises through which they went during World War II.

4. Many young men believed in a sort of magical religion during the war. They prayed for protection from danger. They did not want physical harm to come to them. They resorted to prayers and medals to secure this help. But now that danger is passed, that religion is gone.

5. The ministry of the chaplain increased in usefulness when there existed among his men a greater common ground of Bible knowledge.

6. Many young men were eager to know the Bible, Christian doctrine, and how to live the Christian life, but most men were totally indifferent.

7. Some servicemen did live up to the teachings of Christ, which shows there could be an effective teaching and training program that could reach and change youth.

8. The young men of the service were not more illiterate than the average group of civilians, which would indicate that Christian education has appreciably failed with the civilian as well as the soldier.

As we look ahead, we may well ask: What have these men come home to? Is it the same sort of Christian education they left, and which proved so woefully inadequate? Or, will our churches awaken to their responsibility and opportunity to develop a more effective program of Christian education? Frankly, just what is *your* church going to do about it?

Several suggestions have been made. The editor of *Christian Century* recently insisted the Bible must be taught in the public schools—without denominational interpretation. Others advocate more emphasis upon week-day religious education. But there is one agency that has not been developed and utilized as it ought to be—and that is the Bible school of the church.

One thing is certain—the Bible must be in a more prominent position both in our Sunday schools and our churches. One person commented: "All this idea of worship services in Sunday school is out of place. The church is for that purpose. Sunday school is for education. The catechism should be reintroduced." Said another: "I believe we need a stronger presentation of Biblical principles from the pulpit and in Sunday-school classes, with a view of carrying them over from Sunday's sentimentality to Monday's every-day experience." Another remarked: "The Bible description of what ails man was graphically de-

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scribed in scene after scene in the barracks and on the streets of the towns during leave hours. Wherever I go, I want to help young people find Christ and His way before they get too far along the wrong road."

There is the feeling "that the Church must put teeth into her message. We need to interpret Christ in such a way that men will be challenged to follow Him." From another source came the suggestion: "A definite spiritual awakening is needed, whereby the Bible becomes real and the experience it presents becomes the possession of our young people." One man thinks the answer to our problem lies in leadership training: "I wish the denominations would send experts around to individual churches to give true estimates of what's being done."

One suggestion was: "I don't think we need so much education as we need more experience in the actual doing of the job. Evidently our educative process has been almost null and void—but experience is finally the best teacher." A conservative said: "In my opinion, the fault lies in the lack of emphasis on sound conversion and loyalty to Christ." But another said: "Instead of a list of taboos, I would like to see young people taught the basic principles of our Christian faith and led to apply great individuality to every situation in life."

It is suggested by some that the materials written for Sunday schools be better "tuned to the average reader: 'I was convinced that the literature I was using was too 'high brow' for the average reader, in the army and out. My criticism was that the good literature was not attractive and the attractive literature was not good. If you have seen a copy of the Army Qualification Test you know what I mean when I say we must begin all over again on the mental level of our readers.'"

"If America is to be saved, only the Christian Gospel can do it. We are not called to do a little job, or even an average one. It is a gigantic task that faces us. We may at times be overwhelmed by it, but nonetheless, we must do it. Public education is getting its share of criticism these days because it is somewhere missing the mark. So also is Christian education. But that is not to say that the case is hopeless. Individual churches should survey their program and see how they can improve their own religious educational facilities. Denominational and interdenominational agencies must be strengthened."

Christian education must do more—much more. We do not proceed alone—we have the help of One who said: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you always." Our biggest sin would be our blindness, our indifference, our self-satisfaction. It will not hurt us to confess our sins, set our house in order, and determine that we're going to give American youth Christian education that really educates!

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Film reviews and ratings by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

NOTHING coming out of Hollywood in recent months has included so much vital truth about life, and in so entertaining a package, as "It's a Wonderful Life" (RKO-Liberty). Here is a powerful and deeply appealing drama of life as it is lived on the level occupied by "just folks." Unadorned by any of the fancy wrappings of glamorized drawing-room sets, this is America pure and simple. You will applaud both its purity and its simplicity. You'll identify yourself with the experiences it reflects, see yourself in the aspirations and frustrations and satisfactions its main characters meet and use to the betterment of life.

The story is that of a small-town young man (James Stewart) who yearns to escape to wider fields and more romantic places. Greatness, he is confident, awaits him on the far horizons. But every time he makes a step toward them, he is shoved farther and farther back into the pattern of "Bedford Falls" ways and concerns. His dreams bump into more frustrations than you can shake a laugh (or maybe a tear) at. But he goes on being a helpful and wholesome citizen.

The years pass, with Stewart marrying his childhood sweetheart (Donna Reed) and acquiring, among other things, four children and the burden of running a building-and-loan business which is in a chronic state of incipient collapse. The concern's failure is aided and abetted by a Scrooge-like old character (Lionel Barrymore) who has designs on everything in town. A turn of ill fortune for Stewart gives Barrymore his chance, and the little firm and all its investors face disaster. In a fit of accumulated despondency, Stewart decides the world, his family and his town would be better off without him, and heads for a hopping-off position on a bridge.

Here Director-Producer Frank Capra brings in a whimsical device in the person of a celestial messenger (Henry Travers) who appears in time to halt the suicide long enough to reveal to the disheartened Stewart what his family, its town and its people would be like had he never been born. The sight sends Stewart back to his

"IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE"

AND A QUITE WONDERFUL PICTURE IN MANY RESPECTS IS THIS TALE OF A FRUSTRATED YOUNG MAN OF GOOD DEEDS WHO LEARNS ABOUT LIFE FROM A BUCOLIC GUARDIAN ANGEL



Among other frustrations, James Stewart is blocked time after time by Lionel Barrymore, whose designs finally drive him to attempted suicide.

place and duties with a revised appreciation for his chance to live life richly and rewardingly, albeit restrictedly, where he is.

This device is effective and done in good taste. By comparing "what might have been" to the actual achievements of the good stewardship of life as it had been lived by "George," the angel "Clarence" puts across lessons we all can learn: the interdependence of people and their responsibilities to each other, the great circle of influence each person has for good or evil, the wholesomeness of good family life, and the fact that "no man is a failure who has friends."

A success story estimated in eternal values, "Wonderful Life" is a quite wonderful picture. You'll like it. More, you'll be better for seeing it. **F**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability

A—Adults; YP—Young People; F—Family.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES. (Goldwyn; RKO). A timely and absorbing post-war drama, this could have been, and *should* have been a "Picture of the Month." It is unquestionably one of the film industry's finest achievements, packed tightly with social significance. What ruled it out of the POM rating was not only the excessive drinking scenes, but the fact that those scenes were technically among the best. Frederic March, playing the elder of three veterans attempting to adjust to peacetime ways, is the father of a fine family, a citizen of parts, a man of ideals and principles. For a man of his background, the necessity of boosting his sense of security by continual drinking is regrettable, and, in our opinion, suggests a false note in character depiction. That

March plays the part superbly does not banish the fact that *this* drinking was not necessary and that *no* drinking is funny. To say that, we feel, is not just carrying the torch for temperance; it is honestly facing social problems—which, with this exception, "The Best Years" does with striking realism and courageous force. It points up, with smashing dramatic punch, the need for civilian understanding of the veteran and his problems.

With most of its main characters finding fulfillment in love and mutual confidence, plus a buoyant faith in the future, the picture's climax is satisfying to a degree seldom reached in the modern motion picture. **A YP**

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY. (MGM). Done with lavish taste and in glowing Technicolor, this started out as the biography of Jerome Kern but turned into a spectacular rendition of his songs by a large group of cine-artists. **F**

THE RETURN OF MONTE CRISTO. (Columbia). Suspense and intrigue, in a lively and diverting story of a character who has travelled a long way from Dumas, but still wears well. **F**

SWELL GUY. (Universal). Sonny Tufts as an exhibitionist who must be the life of every party, with devastating effects on the lives of others. At the end he makes "the supreme sacrifice," but in the main he is uniformly despicable. **A**

SINGIN' IN THE CORN. (Columbia). Typical Judy Canova comedy. **F**

13 RUE MADELEINE. (20th Century-Fox). Reminiscent of "The House on 92nd Street" and "O.S.S."—though more plausible and better done. The plot is

said to be taken from actual files of the Office of Strategic Services. **A YP**

ALIAS MR. TWILIGHT. (Columbia). A good-natured confidence man becoming his granddaughter's guardian, with problems appertaining thereto. Justice is served, but you can't help sympathizing with the criminal and lamenting his misguided way of doing good. **F**

WAKE UP AND DREAM. (20th Cent.-Fox). Refreshing fantasy of an old carpenter (Clem Bevans) who builds a boat and dreams of the sea—to which an obliging storm blows him, his craft and a pair of unprepared but delighted passengers (Connie Marshall and June Haver). From the book by Robert Nathan, this story is rendered plausible by whimsical approach and light treatment. The young in heart, from seven to seventy, will like it. **F**

THE OVERLANDERS. (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International). A dramatic tale, virile and educational, of a group of Australian cattle-drivers who, convinced that "bullocks are more important than bullets," take their herds 1600 miles overland to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Japanese. The film's strength is its simple but extraordinary naturalness. Here are normal, everyday people who, faced with an abnormal demand in a great cause, rise to their most inspiring pitch. **F**

CALIFORNIA. (Paramount). The gold-rush days of 1848, with greed for riches and power mingling with more lofty aims. Beauty in photography and music also mingle with some less convincing factors: for example, the transformation of Lily (Barbara Stanwyck) from a wicked woman to one with sterling qualities. **A**

THE SECRET HEART. (MGM). Psychological drama with a well developed plot. Lionel Barrymore, as a

psychiatrist, helps to unravel the problems of Claudette Colbert, June Allyson and Walter Pidgeon. Intelligent and entertaining drama. **A YP**

THE FIGHTING FRONTIERSMAN. (Columbia). Another saga of The Durango Kid. Usual western, with usual features. **F**

Previously Reviewed and Rated:

Anna and the King of Siam **F**; Smoky **F**; O.S.S. **F**; Somewhere in the Night **A**; One More Tomorrow **A, YP**; Till the End of Time **A, YP**; Centennial Summer **F**; Three Wise Fools **F**; Monsieur Beaucaire **F**; Little Mister Jim **F**; Sister Kenny **F**; Claudia and David **F**; Two Years Before the Mast **F**; Canyon Passage **F**; Caesar and Cleopatra **F**; They Were Sisters **A**; Of Human Bondage **A**; Strange Love of Martha Ivers **A**; Notorious **A**; Angel on My Shoulder **A**; Holiday in Mexico, **F**; Cross My Heart **A, YP**; Notorious Gentleman **A**; Black Beauty **F**; Criminal Court **A, YP**; The Time of Their Lives **F**; Night and Day **F**; Blue Skies **F**; Home, Sweet Homicide **F**; The Perfect Marriage **A, YP**; Shadowed **F**; Abie's Irish Rose **F**; Margie **F**; The Jolson Story **F**; Child of Divorce **F**; Gallant Journey **F**; Three Little Girls in Blue **F**; Brief Encounter **A, YP**; Mr. Ace **A, YP**; The Cockeyed Miracle **A, YP**; I've Always Loved You **F**; The Show-Off **F**; Cloak and Dagger **A, YP**; White Tie and Tails **A, YP**; Two Guys From Milwaukee **A, YP**; No Leave, No Love **A, YP**; The Yearling **F**; Song of the South **F**; Gallant Bess **F**; The Years Between **A, YP**; Temptation **A**; Deception **A**; The Mighty McGurk **F**; Undercurrent **A**; Nocturne **A**; My Darling Clementine **A**; Nobody Lives Forever **A**; Home in Oklahoma **A, YP**; The Plainsman and the Lady **A, YP**; Magnificent Doll **F**; The Razor's Edge **A**; My Brother Talks to Horses **F**; Dangerous Millions **A, YP**; Lady in the Lake **A**; Johnny Frenchman **F**; The Strange Woman **A**.



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Sergeant: "Well, sir, what part is it you don't understand?"

—Carbon Copy.

So Little Time

"So," sobbed Illma Kropotkin Vasilineovitch. "Ivan Ninesportski died in battle. Did he really whisper my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it, lady," replied the soldier, "part of it."

—Selected.

Don't Feed the Animals

Sammy: "Mother, we are playing we are elephants at a zoo. Please come."

Mother: "What can I do?"

Sammy: "You can be the lady that feeds candy and peanuts to the elephants."

—Pathfinder.

Wrong End

Dentist: "Stop waving your arms and making faces, I haven't even touched your tooth!"

Mrs. Brown: "I know you haven't, but you're standing on my corn."

—Link.

Simple

Teacher: "Izzy, do you know your alphabet?"

Izzy: "Yes, Ma'am."

Teacher: "What letter comes after A?"

Izzy: "All of 'em."

—Pathfinder.

Pleased Tameetchal

The young lady walked boldly up to the elderly woman whom she had mistaken for the matron of the hospital. "May I see Lieutenant Barker, please?" she asked.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly, I am his sister."

"Well, well! I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

—Christian Leader.

Dog Bites Boy

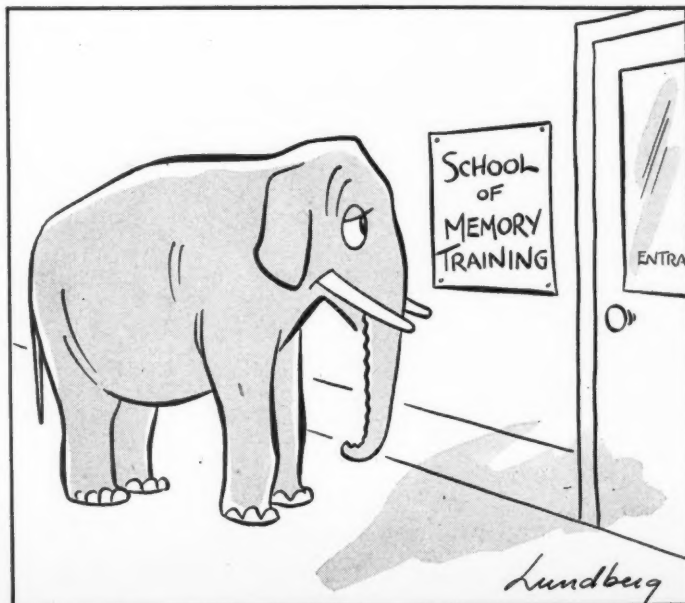
A police dog decided to take a nip out of little Joey. The canine was caught and taken to the Board of Health for examination and Joe to the hospital for observation. After a few days of tests Joey was informed that the dog which bit him was mad.

Joey could contain himself no longer at hearing this. "How do you like that," he shouted. "He bites me and he's mad!"

—Reader's Scope.

Mum's the Word

Mrs. Keefer: "Emma, when you wait on



the table, please don't spill anything."

New Maid: "Don't worry, Ma'am, I never talk much anyway."

—Selected.

Foresight

"Mrs. Jones certainly is a woman of rare foresight."

"Really?"

"Yes, she always makes her husband angry before sending him out to beat the carpet."

—Pathfinder.

Milk à la Tray

The new maid has been instructed to bring her mistress a glass of milk every evening at 7 o'clock. The first evening the maid brought the milk with the glass tightly clasped in her hands.

"Jane," exploded the mistress, "don't ever do that again. Always bring it on a tray."

The following evening Jane appeared at the door with a worried look on her face and a tray full of milk in her hands.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said dolefully, "but do I bring a spoon with this or do you lap it up?"

Wichita Eagle.

Helpful

The little old lady was struggling with a hot cup of coffee in a small-town railway station, trying to gulp it before the train pulled out.

A cowboy, seated a couple of stools away, noted her plight, and seeing the guard trying to get the woman's attention, came to the rescue.

"Here, ma'am, take my cup o' coffee. It's already sauced and blowed."

—Selected.

Cautious

"You remember when you cured my rheumatism a year ago, don't you doctor," asked the patient, "and you told me not to get myself wet?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well, I just wanted to know if you think it's safe for me to take a bath now?"

—Pathfinder.

Plagiarism

Niece: "Aunt Sarah, this is the famous 'Angelus' by Millet."

Aunt Sarah: "Well I never! That man had the nerve to copy the calendar that has hung in our kitchen for a dozen years or more."

—Christian Leader.

The Egg and He

Diner: "Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Just a small pinch of salt on each. No pepper. Well, what are you waiting for?"

Waitress: "The hen that lays these eggs is named Betty. Is that all right, sir?"

—Link.

It Wooden Do

The farmer was hammering away at some boards when a neighbor dropped over.

"How's the missus, John?" he asked.

"Not so good," he replied.

"Is that her coughin'?"

"Naw; this is a henhouse."

—Exchange.

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LOYALTY IN OUR TIME

(Continued from page 35)

vast storehouse of cleansing grace, guiding love, and redemptive power. I may not know just the course my nation and my world should go, but I can narrow the issue down for the moment to a determination to be loyal to the great privilege of prayer and worship.

In the third place, I want to be loyal to the cause which Jesus represented. What was that cause? Could you define it succinctly? It was "the kingdom of God on earth, the rule of righteousness in the personal life and social relationships of all of mankind." In a word, it was the cause of righteousness. Jesus lived for that. He prayed for it. He suffered for it. He died for it. And when I realize that His honor is in my hands—think of it—that does something to me.

Harry Emerson Fosdick asks: "Can you think of Beethoven without thinking of music? Can you think of William Lloyd Garrison without thinking of the abolition of slavery? Can you think of David Livingston without thinking of missions? Can you think of Jesus without thinking of the cause of righteousness in the world?"

I wonder what men think of when they think of me!

"Sin is treachery to the cause of humanity's welfare," one writer has said; "it is going over to the race's enemies in the spirit of Benedict Arnold. Righteousness is loyalty to the cause of the world's salvation." In our time, I want to be loyal to Jesus' cause.

In the last place, I want to be loyal to the spirit of Jesus. What was that spirit? It was a revolutionary spirit. Jesus never intended to comfort anyone in His sin. He deliberately planned the destruction of much that men hold dear. He was a revolutionary. On the human level, we may say that one reason they killed Jesus was that He was a heretic at least in the area of conduct. Jesus was not orthodox and the church, whether it be the Old Testament church or the New, just does not like heterodoxy. So they lynched Jesus. It was easier than following Him.

"I came to cast fire upon the earth," He said. "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace but a sword." The main charge against Him was, "He stirreth up the people." What a delightful accusation to make against a prophet, a revolutionary!

G. D. Herron, in "The New Redemption," has said, "Christianity was more than a development, coming in the fullness of its time. It came into the world, as a revolution, reversing the world's habits of thought, destroying its old ideals of character, disturbing the peace of families and nations, and changing all currents of human life." Did you catch those strong words: *revolution, reversing, destroying, disturbing, changing?*

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tion today, I want to set my face like a flint against gambling—that strange victimizing activity which denies the Christian principle of the stewardship of possessions; against drinking—that alarming activity which now claims 50,000,000 Americans; against prostitution—that debilitating activity which claims 400,000 of our women; against all exploitation in industry whether by management or by labor; against racial antipathy; against greed and hatred; against war, and against all forms of disloyalty to Jesus and His cause.

And if I am true to Jesus, the only force I can use against these forms of treason is the power of Christian love. Any other force is treachery itself. Do

RICHES

Once my young fancies held but these:
the highest mountains,
deepest seas,
the costliest gems,
the longest span,
sequoias older
than race of man.

When did I change?
and how? and why?
I think not now
of deep nor high,
a sleepy birdcall
in the dawn,
a drifting petal
on the lawn,
the shabbiest sparrow
in a tree
can activate
the soul of me.

When did I change?
and why? and how?
that little things
are riches now.

—Maud Ludington Cain

you really believe that Christian love is the "almightiest" force in the world, greater even than the bomb dropped on Bikini? I tell you, in this moment of insight, I can see clearly that Christian love is the mightiest power in the world; it is the only power that is creative, transforming, redemptive.

Napoleon has never won my admiration, but he once said a thing about Jesus which I have always admired. He said, "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I have built world empires. These empires have rested upon force. But not so with the empire which Jesus built. He calls across nineteen centuries and men leap to die at His call. I tell you," said Napoleon, "Jesus was more than a man."

So He was. And so He is today. I pledge my heart's devotion to Him, to His cause, and to His spirit, as my contribution to our time. The plea of this sermon is for you, wherever you are, whoever you are, to give your loyalty, your heart's allegiance, to Him.

"And he used to
be so happy!"

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

"House Blessing"

Dear Editor:

In reply to your question about "House Blessing," by Arthur Guiterman . . . it was published 1917 in *House and Garden*. Jacksonville, Ind. Florence M. Cobb

Dear Editor:

You ask about Arthur Guiterman's poem, "House Blessing." It was used . . . in the latest hymnal of the Methodist Church. Hymn 433. Modesto, Calif. Mrs. Minnie B. Sawyer

Dear Editor:

It is in *Spokes*, published by the Rotary Club of New York. New York City Ella Clark

Dear Editor:

It is found on page 157 of his (Guiterman's) book, "Death of General Putnam and 100 Other Poems," published by Dutton. Amherst, Mass. Mrs. Marion A. Elder

Dear Editor:

It is in the revised edition of "Verses I Like," by Major Bowes, and he gives credit to Harper. Kingston, Tenn. Mrs. W. T. Ferguson

Dear Editor:

It is in a book, "Prayer Poems," published by Abingdon-Cokesbury. Xenia, Ohio Mrs. Omar Schwartz

● Well, that's that! Evidently, "It's in." The Methodists around this office are going around these days with their heads dropped very, very low. Shame on you!

Faith in Court

Dear Editor:

I am not a Jehovah's Witness but I am closely associated with them and they are true Christians. Of course there are some exceptions. They are certainly the only ones on earth today who are looked down on and who bear the reproach that Jesus and His disciples suffered . . . Has any religious group ever been brought before the courts because they insisted on freedom of worship and freedom to preach the Gospel?

Kearny, N. J.

Mrs. C. Edmiston

● Yes, Mrs. Edmiston, there have been plenty of others brought before the courts. Among them we might name Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Quakers, Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, Lutherans, Pentecostals, Shakers, Episcopalians, Reformed Episcopalians, Schwenkenfelders, Brethren, Evangelicals, and a lot more. Just outside the bounds of your question you might run on a

few Roman Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Swamis who have been haled before the judge and even thrown into jail, at one time or another, for daring to insist upon freedom of worship and speech.

Martyrs in this department are peculiar to no sect.

Mr. Ex-Secretary

Dear Editor:

Greetings. In your comment on the news you say, "Ex-Secretary Wallace is a man of very deep religious convictions." Wallace was the inventor of the slogan, "Win the war; — the cost." Does that sound like deep religious conviction? Duluth, Minn. Olaf Havdal

● No, Mr. Havdal, it doesn't sound exactly religious, does it? We hadn't heard of that Wallacism until you called our attention to it, nor would we have approved of his invective, if we had. But we wonder what would have happened to your Christianity and mine if we had been cheap enough to lose that war?

How Good?

Dear Editor:

You may be interested to know that the quiz, "How Good A Christian Are You?" made a decided impression on my church-school class of some 25 young adults, last Sunday, at the Pitman Baptist Church. In fact one older man who took the issue of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* home with him . . . asked me to send in his subscription with this letter. Interest was so great in the article that I promised to try to buy 25 more copies . . . You'll be as glad as I am to hear that one young woman who hadn't been to church school (nor church) for months, asked to borrow my copy of the October C. H. Today she returned it, saying that her bridge club met last night

FRIENDS 30 YEARS WED

CORNWALL, N. Y., Jan. 16—(INS)—A 30-year friendship culminated in marriage today for Charles A. Nelson, 93, and Mrs. Lulu Lewis, 64. They were married in the rectory of St. Thomas Roman Catholic Church in Cornwall.

Mrs. Nelson is a Protestant, and before the ceremony she signed a waiver that any children resulting from the union will be reared in the Catholic faith.

at her home and the quiz proved so stimulating that she had trouble getting them to leave at 2 in the morning. Pitman, N. J. Mrs. J. G. Sholl

● We love that! When this kind of a quiz breaks up a bridge club, we're really getting somewhere. We've had a few criticisms on that quiz; it was only one man's idea, we left out some important questions, we didn't give the right answers, etc. But we accomplished what we wanted with it—which was just to get people talking about it. The rest takes care of itself.

Preaching Through Print

Dear Editor:

This week a friend and I were visiting. She said, "You never know how far a thing will go." She went on to say that a man came to her door a long time ago and to help him she subscribed to *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. She sent each copy, after reading it, to her son-in-law in the service, in the Orient. The son-in-law has now returned to civilian life. He said that when the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* came they had a little prayer meeting in their tent, and read through the articles in the issue. Dryden, N. Y. Stella M. Trapp

● That's it! Publishing C. H. is like preaching; you just cast your bread upon the waters, and God does the rest. We like this publishing business, for with it we preach every month to a congregation of a million and a half, which is a bit larger than most preachers enjoy in a lifetime!

Render Unto Caesar . . .

Dear Editor:

I've often wondered if editors talk back to their wives in the same way they talk to the readers. And I wonder what would happen if they did? Atlanta, Ga. George L. Loeffler

● If that was addressed to me, let me say that I am Caesar in my house. And that I keep quite still about being Caesar, at all times.

Two Men Went to Pray . . .

● Two men went to church to pray. One was a so-called leading citizen, and the other was a schoolteacher. The prominent citizen stood and with his eyes looking upward he said, "O Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like these professional men, even as this poor teacher. I pay half the teacher's salary; it is my money that built this church; I subscribe liberally to foreign missions, and to all the work of this church. It is my money that advances this cause." The schoolteacher's prayer was quite different. He simply bowed his head in deep humility and said, "O God, be merciful unto me. I was that man's teacher!"

(For this arresting bit of prose, we are indebted, amazingly, to the *Reformatory Pillar*.)

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We had to make basic changes in our advertising program so that we would have enough gift volumes to go around, and full sets to supply those who wanted them.

As a result we have been able to ship books to all who applied for them from this magazine—and we are glad to express our thanks by actually REPEATING THE OFFER to take care of many hundreds of readers who now want to take advantage of the extraordinary offer we made.

So HERE IT IS AGAIN—the same astonishing offer we made before! You now have the same opportunity that the others had, if you act at once.

We are now on press with our new Winter 1947 Edition of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia.

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Some Facts About This Encyclopedia

But first, we want to give you a few facts to interest you in taking the trouble to send for Volume I.

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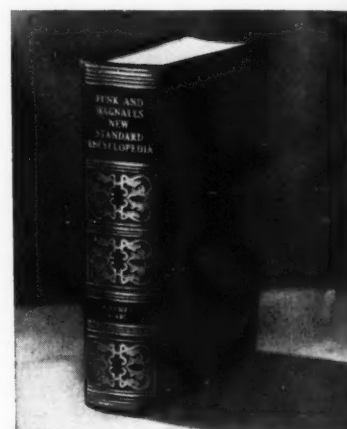
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